# THE LIVING AGE

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## AROUND THE WORLD

*Listening In to Washington*

RARELY has as much space been given to an American political pronouncement by the foreign, and especially the British, press as was devoted to President Coolidge's last Message to Congress. Naturally his statement regarding our navy policy commanded the most attention. English editors commented upon it with a moderation so marked and so unanimous as to seem almost affected. All hastened to assure their readers, in the words of the *Morning Post*, that there was 'nothing in the policy which President Coolidge announces to disquiet this country.' The *Daily Express* hastened to explain that 'any idea that Great Britain's interests would suffer through a greater American navy is so ludicrous that it hardly calls for denial.' The *Yorkshire Post* did not believe that 'anyone in this country challenges, or has any desire to challenge, the American claim to parity, ship for ship and gun for gun'; and the *Sheffield Telegraph* was all the more disposed not to disagree with that claim, 'since, as matters now stand, it would be a waste of effort.' Naturally, no British editor relished the President's inference — at least by interpretation — that the failure of the Geneva Naval Conference was due to Great Britain. The *Economist*, whose pacifist and Free Trade principles were both more or less outraged by President Coolidge's tone, considered it 'a profound pity' that he gave way to 'his natural disappointment [at the Geneva failure] so far as to attempt to brand Great Britain before American and world opinion as the navalist scapegoat,' and thought that his words 'most emphatically do not make the hearts of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations beat as one.' The *Outlook* characterized the President's discussion of America's foreign relations as containing 'a good deal of sentimental tosh,' and accepted the fact that 'British and American naval needs are different, and there is no way to harmonize them at the moment.' A week later it returned to the subject with the caution that 'the general American mood is one of aggressive self-confidence. It would not be very difficult to stir up a jingoistic spirit.' Therefore it hoped that 'British press

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comment will be restrained. The more excited it is, the more convinced the less-informed Americans will be that we are trying to hamstring their navy.' The *New Statesman*, both editorially and through its star contributor on American affairs, S. K. Ratcliffe, deplored agitation in favor of another naval conference as involving 'a formal recognition of competition.' The *Irish Statesman* dismissed comforting public assurances current in Great Britain to the effect that whatever the two countries may do they are not likely to engage in a naval race with this skeptical observation: 'Everyone asks secretly, if not openly: If there were no British navy or, alternatively, no American navy, would the naval programme of either be on anything like so vast a scale as it is at present? When they speak of defense, one asks against what. Do they in building take each other into account? Were they building against each other? If not, why the conference at all?' Finally the *Saturday Review*, after observing that 'the warmest admirer in this country of America and her national institutions cannot honestly extend his admiration' to the Message, and admitting that 'there is something in its manner that grates on the least sensitive nerves,' developed the same line of thought as that broached by its Dublin contemporary: 'The greatest danger to permanent peace between our two countries is this talk about war between us being "unthinkable." So was war between us and Germany twenty years before it came. An "unthinkable" war is a war which no one takes any trouble to defeat by the safeguards seen to be so necessary in the case of wars which are clearly envisaged among the possibilities of politics. The mere fact that there is no subject of political dispute between us and the United States increases the danger, for in the absence of definite political disagreements peace and war come to be dependent on the moods and subtle changes of popular psychology. So it was with Germany, and so it might be with the United States. Meaningless as Anglo-American rivalry in naval armaments might be, expressed in political terms, it is quite capable of leading to political estrangement and even to war, criminal though that would be in all or any circumstances.'

The grounds for this uneasiness are more substantial than might at first glance appear. England's conception of a permanent-peace status naturally makes London the pivot of the international gyroscope. It contemplates Britain backing the League as the regulator of Europe, and at the same time maintaining intact her good relations with the United States. Unfortunately this policy involves a possible contradiction. If the League, for example, were to impose an economic boycott upon a recalcitrant member under the sanctions provided in Article XVI of the Covenant, and that member afforded an important market for American exports, or was an indispensable source of American raw materials, or for any other reason was strongly supported by the public opinion of our country, our Government might refuse to recognize the blockade, and thus come into conflict and possibly open hostilities with the blockading Powers; or, if Great Britain should become involved in hostilities with another country independently of the League, as may occur under Article XV of the Covenant, and should try to enforce the same rules of blockade and contraband that she applied during the early stages of the World War, our Government might insist upon free access to that country's ports. When we left the question

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of the freedom of the seas unsettled at Paris, we left the door open for an armed conflict between the Anglo-Saxon Powers.

The Continental press dwelt more largely on the economic passages of the Message — those recording America's unprecedented prosperity and confirming her present tariff and financial policies. Auguste Gauvain suggested, in a leader in *Journal des Débats*, that if Great Britain and the United States are unable to agree upon formal naval limitation it might be possible for them to enter into some sort of nonofficial, gentlemen's agreement to keep their naval armaments within bounds without sacrificing their divergent naval theories.

*The Lion and the Bear*

Britain's relations with Russia were not cleared up by the Chamberlain-Litvinoff interview at Geneva. We can make no better guess at the course negotiations between the Bolshevist delegate and the British Foreign Minister took than is implied in the following description of their 'imaginary conversation' by 'Kappa' in the *Nation and Athenæum:* 'The meeting at Geneva between Sir Austen and Litvinoff must have been a scene of comedy. I used to see the latter now and then during his ambiguous London mission. He was then a stout man with a puffy, pale countenance, — not at all the typical Jew, — deliberate, but copious in speech. He always struck me as extraordinarily resourceful and subtle; he knew everything in the situation before him, and was ready for everything. A man with all the appearance of good humor and candor, and using those qualities, as he used everything else, as weapons in the war of propaganda. At the back of his mind all the time was, one felt, a perfectly rigid and inflexible creed, which he served with ever-ready talent for making rapid use of the circumstances of the moment. He could be quite brutally frank, or evasively verbose, as best served his purpose. In short, a well-equipped and even formidable person. Sir Austen is himself in his different way a man of few ideas not easily changed, but his technique for expressing them and making them acceptable to enemies is much less accomplished. The clash of personalities on Monday was sharp, and, I imagine, the conventions of diplomatic reserve would come in particularly useful. Litvinoff is not the man to be intimidated by the glare of Sir Austen's monocle, and Sir Austen would need the help of all his impressive façade to conceal the fact that he does not regard Litvinoff as a desirable person for a British Foreign Secretary to know.' Nevertheless, the *Saturday Review*, which is a Baldwin weekly, looks for a resumption of negotiations between Great Britain and Russia in the spring, and declares that a definite movement toward rapprochement has been started by both sides — on Britain's part by 'that most hopeful and unsentimental of all quarters, the City.'

Lord Cushendun, who replaced Lord Cecil in the British delegation at Geneva, and who signalized his presence at the session by emphasizing once again Britain's opposition to a protocol, or any other scheme committing her to armed intervention on the Continent, suffered a setback when he appeared for reëlection at Canterbury, where his previous majority of nine thousand was reduced to three thousand, to the surprise and dismay of the Conservatives. The *Outlook*, which rather favors the Tory side, expressed the judgment of most political observers when it declared: 'This decision was almost certainly due to the Government's failure to introduce an agricultural policy. I doubt if it means

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that the farmers are really in favor of the Lloyd George land policy, which is politely laughed at in most parts of the countryside; but it does seem to mean that they are angry with the Government for doing nothing for them and that the agricultural vote is in danger. If Kent wabbles, it is safe to assume that the rural West and North are nearly lost — and a Tory government without a country vote would be like *Hamlet* without the Prince.'

*Ireland*

The Free State has a new Governor-General in the person of Mr. James McNeill, a Catholic Ulsterman, who succeeds Mr. Tim Healy, the first to hold that honor, upon the conclusion of his term of office. The new Governor-General played a prominent but unobtrusive part in the Sinn Fein movement, and has had a long official experience both in Ireland and in India and the West Indies. During the last session of the Dail, which has now adjourned for a three months' recess, the Fianna Fail, or de Valera Party, instead of trying to wreck the Government, devoted its efforts 'to emancipating Ireland from financial and economic dependence on Great Britain.' Naturally such a programme is popular in theory, but great diversity of opinion prevails regarding practical ways of carrying it out. The Irish correspondent of the *New Statesman* thinks that the success of the Free State loan in New York last autumn had a marked bearing upon the political as well as the financial fortunes of the present Government, because it refuted Mr. de Valera's claim that the Anglo-Irish settlement left Ireland at the mercy of British financiers.

*France and Italy*

France's desire to conciliate Italy has been indicated in several ways during the past few weeks. M. Briand, before leaving Paris for Geneva last month, hurriedly negotiated an agreement with the Italian Ambassador for guaranteeing the position of Italian citizens in France and of French citizens in Italy. His proposal to meet Mussolini with a view to removing points of friction between the two countries had a better press on the Seine than upon the Tiber. Italy has much more at stake in the citizenship agreement than France, for her artisans and peasants are settling in great numbers in the Rhone valley and in Tunis. France will hardly repeal her law making all children born on her soil French citizens. Those upon the Rhone would doubtless elect to be so in any case, but sentiment may be different in Tunis, where Italian settlers considerably outnumber the French and national rivalries are accentuated by France's recent title as the occupying Power. According to *Giornale d'Italia*, Italy's demands go much further and include: '(1) recognition of the "central" position of Italy in the Mediterranean; (2) Italian participation in the Tangier régime; (3) an established status for Italians in Tunisia; (4) the fixation of African frontiers; (5) recognition of the predominant interests of Italy in the protectorate of the Balkans; (6) the necessity for geographic "outlets"; (7) an examination of the mandate question; (8) the necessity of territorial expansion; (9) measures to be taken about Italian emigrants in France; (10) the safeguarding of the nationality of Italians residing in France.'

*French Politics*

The Communist Party has given the Socialists an attack of shivers by announcing that, after running its own ticket in the first balloting at the coming general election, it will offer the latter an alliance, provided they keep free from all entanglements with the bourgeois parties. If this alliance is refused, then the Communists will keep their

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candidates in the field throughout the subsequent ballotings. The Socialists wish to avoid the issue of proletarian and nonproletarian alliances, and would therefore prefer to dicker independently with their rivals on the Right and on the Left respectively in each separate electorate. French Royalists have little political weight in France, but they manage to keep in the public eye by devices that suggest student rags in England. Last month their leader, M. Léon Daudet, who is supposed to be languishing in exile, was announced to address a meeting of students in Paris. Naturally the *Préfet* with a strong detachment of police and Republican Guards was on hand to arrest the defiant outlaw. The speech, which is reported to have been highly inflammatory, was delivered nevertheless — by wireless from Brussels. Shortly before the Chamber passed the Budget its members were thrown into a state of violent tumult by the speech of a home-rule deputy from Alsace. This trouble-maker is a certain Herr Heuber, belonging to the Alsatian Communist Party, which has identified itself with the autonomist movement in that province. When he arrived in Paris, like most of his compatriots he did not know a word of French, and tried to address the Chamber in German. This started the first riot. Since then he has made some progress in the official tongue, but is obliged to read his speeches, and does so with an intensely unpopular German accent. Among other statements which, so far as they were understood by the deputies, failed to win their assent was one to the effect that the Treaty of Versailles did not properly apply to Alsace-Lorraine because the people of those provinces had not signed or ratified it. When he compared the condition of his constituents to-day with that before the war, in a way to suggest that the old times were best, his colleagues expressed dissent by the orthodox device of banging the lids of their desks to drown the imperturbable speaker's remarks.

*Here and There in Europe*

The political off-season continues in Germany — interrupted, to be sure, by the Brunswick elections, which resulted in an overwhelming defeat for the Nationalist parties and a corresponding victory for the Social Democrats. The campaign was fought largely upon the issue of foreign policies and the Dawes Plan, and the Conservatives were apparently placed at a disadvantage by being forced to fight on the defensive.

After a moment of self-congratulation at escaping an open conflict between Poland and Lithuania through Geneva's mediation, the sober second thought of the transatlantic press recognizes that the situation remains practically the same as it has been during the past six or seven years. The League Council did not venture to reaffirm the decision of the Ambassadors' Conference, which awarded Vilno to Poland; so that vital question has been postponed until the session next March, at the earliest. Lithuania is probably playing a waiting game in the hope that some turn in international affairs will bring Russia or Germany to her aid. The *Saturday Review*, which is not particularly friendly to Pilsudski's country, declared when the recent provisional settlement was announced: 'Nobody contends that the decision handing over Vilno unconditionally to the Poles was a just one. Were it not for the fact that the population of Poland is so overwhelmingly greater than that of Lithuania, it would long since have led to more serious trouble than the closing of the frontier between the two countries.' The *Nation and Athenæum* cites this situation as illustrating 'the practical disadvantages of

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solutions which take no account of right and represent merely the line of least resistance.'

Russia is quiescent on the surface, following the ebullition attending the expulsion of the Trotskii Opposition from the Communist Party. Czechoslovakia and the Holy See have resumed amicable relations, which were interrupted by the Huss anniversary dispute two years ago. In the Danubian countries repressed political and racial antagonisms seem to be working themselves off through the medium of student riots, which in some instances have proved to be as cruel and destructive as any outbreaks of a proletariat gone mad.

Reports that a change in the order of succession to the Spanish Throne is contemplated, making Infante Don Juan, the King's third son, who is but fourteen years old, the heir, on account of the precarious health of his two older brothers, are to be taken with a grain of salt, for it is doubtful if the country would recognize the right of the present provisional régime to enact such a measure.

Were it possible to take a retrospective view of contemporary doings in Asia, we might possibly interpret them almost entirely in the light of an Anglo-Russian conflict. Sir Denys Bray, Secretary of the Foreign and Political Department of the Government of India, is reported to have departed on a mission to Teheran to investigate the situation in Persia. Conditions there are thus described by Sir Sultan Ahmed, an Indian scholar who is apparently in full sympathy with the British cause in Asia, upon his return from a recent visit to that country. After noting a remarkable improvement in the Persian Army, many of whose senior officers received their training at Moscow or Berlin, and a vast betterment in the financial administration, he found 'the markets flooded with Russian goods, and Russian influence obvious in every quarter, both on the military and the civil sides.' He declared that 'the time has come for measures to be taken to restore British prestige and to counteract as much as possible Russia's sinister influence in Persia. We have many friends there, but the number is much smaller now than it was three years ago. As a result of Russian intrigue, the Persians as a whole have been led to suspect every action of the British. . . . While every European country and the United States were represented in the recent appointment of foreign officers for the organization of railways and finance, there was more or less a total absence of British officers.' Simultaneously the 'King and Queen' of Afghanistan, as they are entitled now, have been receiving lavish hospitality in British India.

It is a far call from the plateau of Iran and the borders of the Pamir to Canton and the lower reaches of the Yangtze. Nevertheless, the success of the quasi-Conservative Nationalist Government at Nanking in recapturing Canton from the Communists weaves into the same political pattern. This victory was won at a greater cost in life and property than has accompanied any similar conflict in China for a considerable period. It was followed by Nanking's decision to break off relations with Moscow, the closing of Soviet consulships throughout Nationalist territory, and the expulsion of Red Russian emissaries from the greater part of that region.

*Manchuria and Japan*

The Japanese press is all agog over the proposed American loan to the South Manchuria Railway said to have been arranged by Mr. Lamont during his recent visit, the objections to the loan made by the Chinese, and the attitude

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of our State Department toward the transaction. The *Japan Chronicle* asserted that the loan, if made, would hardly be used for important extensions of the present line. 'It would be easy enough to spend thirty or forty million dollars on the numerous mining and industrial enterprises that exist under the wing of the South Manchuria Railway, or in increasing the efficiency of the existing line, without any extensions whatever.' The same journal conjectured that the Chinese objections were inspired less by opposition to the loan *per se* than by pique because American bankers consider it safer to invest money in China by placing it in Japanese hands than by lending it to their fellow countrymen. In fact, Mr. Yoshizawa, the Japanese Minister at Peking, politely suggested this when he assured the Chinese authorities that Japan would welcome foreign loans made directly to China. Simultaneously the Tokyo press took alarm, however, at the suggestion that Great Britain and the United States might be behind Chang Tso-lin's project for constructing lines competing with the South Manchuria Railway in the territory under his jurisdiction. *Yorodzu* said: 'The special position of Japan in the Three Eastern Provinces and Mongolia is a well-established fact in the history of international politics. The coöperation of Japan and Imperial Russia broke down the American proposal to neutralize railways in those countries. Even the Four Power Consortium could not do otherwise than recognize Japan's influence there. It is, in our opinion, urgently important to develop Manchuria and Mongolia on China's behalf. Therefore we shall not discriminate against foreign investments, whether made by Englishmen, Americans, or Germans, provided their purpose be genuinely economic and their manner be legitimate and reasonable. But if it should be their motive to jeopardize the rights and interests of this nation by furtive policies, we shall never tolerate them.' *Asahi* hopes that Japan and the United States can coöperate in China, though it recognizes that such a proposal must be considered with caution. A settlement of the dispute between the rival Mitsui and Federal Wireless companies is expected to remove one obstacle to friendly collaboration. Moreover, 'Japan's interests in China will always be more vital and immediate than those of the United States.' Consequently, 'even if coöperation with the latter country proves practicable, Japan must always have a way open for freedom of action in China when occasion requires.'

The Tokyo Cabinet has fixed Japan's Budget for the coming year at the equivalent of 880 million dollars. This represents an increase in public expenditures, including an addition of more than forty-two million dollars to the naval appropriation, greatly to the disappointment of the tax-paying and industrial interests, who anticipated a reduction of government burdens in view of the prevailing business depression. Japan plans to lay down two new ten-thousand-ton cruisers this year, in addition to the six under construction and four now in commission. Among her new institutions to promote a better international understanding is a recently organized Japan-German Cultural Institute. This society proposes to establish a Japanese library in Berlin, to assist Japanese students to study in Germany, to conduct courses of lectures on cultural subjects relating to both nations, to familiarize the Japanese with German customs, and to maintain offices in both capitals, each of which shall be headquarters for information regarding conditions in the other country.

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# BUSINESS ABROAD

*Foreign Technical Progress*

ACCORDING to the British press, 'Sheffield has again given a lead to the world in the science of steel manufacture.' This consists in what one journal picturesquely describes as making steel 'by radio.' The process is used as yet only in making high-quality tool steel, which sells for from $250 to $500 and more a ton. The furnace is contained in a wooden box inside of which is a water-cooled coil surrounding the crucible, which will hold about one quarter of a ton of metal. There is no direct contact between the coil and the charge, the principle of high-frequency induction being employed. Thus, without appreciably heating the container, the current melts the metal in less than an hour. The furnacemen are able to work in clean shirts, and could, if they so desired, wear linen collars without the risk of getting them unduly soiled. Under the old process of direct melting it took from three to four hours to melt sixty pounds of high-speed steel in one crucible. Under the new method 450 pounds can be melted in from fifty to sixty minutes at from one third to two thirds the cost by the older process. Parallel with this, Krupps attributes a profit of considerably over three million dollars last year largely to changing the emphasis of its production from raw steel, semifinished products, and heavy machinery to the manufacture of a thousand articles of popular consumption. To quote one of its officers: 'The secret of this success is contained in two words, which themselves have revolutionized our industry — stainless steel.' Among other articles of this material which the former makers of Big Berthas are producing on a quantity basis are sets of artificial teeth, which, though one of their most recent novelties, are already issuing from the works at the rate of 11,000 sets a month. The new steel does not rust, no matter to what amount of boiling in the usual bacterial media or dipping into acids it is subjected. Among the mechanical novelties of the year in Great Britain which we are assured should be taken seriously is the Kitson-Still locomotive. It resembles outwardly an orthodox engine, save that the boiler is pitched higher than is customary. But the power unit, which is the fruit of ten years' experiment, consists of eight double-acting cylinders using both steam and oil vapor, introduced at opposite ends of the cylinder, so that the machine acts alternately as a steam and an internal-combustion engine. The locomotive is an oil burner, and the purpose of the new device is to economize fuel, in which there will be an anticipated saving of 50 per cent. British marine men sat up and took notice when the United States Shipping Board vessel Mercer arrived at Rotterdam after completing the first Atlantic crossing ever made on pulverized fuel. According to one English authority, 'this opens up a new era in shipping which will render us independent of foreign oil and save our coal industry.' The use of pulverized coal is already extending rapidly in Lancashire and South Wales. According to the *Westminster Gazette*, in some districts 'this system of firing has literally transformed the whole area from a situation of distress and economic difficulty to one of relative prosperity, with great



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electrical advantages to thousands of inhabitants in the surrounding villages.' France contributes to the technical progress of the month a new 'safety petrol' designed especially for airplanes, which is said to be as efficient as ordinary gasoline and practically fireproof. The new fuel was discovered by M. Ferrier, an official of the French Government, who immediately transferred his patents to the Admiralty. According to the London *Morning Post*, which has made tests with the new fuel, it 'almost eliminates any danger from fire on air liners in the future.'

*Brighter Britain*

The year's closing trade statistics were of a character to brighten the mood of British business. A comparison between last November and the same month in 1925 — since the figures for 1926 were vitiated by the coal strike — shows an increase of 45 million dollars in exports and a decline of 35 million dollars in imports. Furthermore, the expansion of exports is well distributed over a large number of commodities, led by machinery and woolen goods. Moreover, if we are to trust to an analysis in the *Economist* during the past seven years, Great Britain has increased her foreign investments faster than the United States. The comparison is as follows: —

BALANCE OF INTERNATIONAL PAYMENTS — CURRENT ITEMS

| | U. S. A. Million dollars | GREAT BRITAIN Million dollars |
|---|---|---|
| 1920 | +2017 | +1260 |
| 1921 | + 561 | + 875 |
| 1922 | + 130 | + 770 |
| 1923 | − 228 | + 765 |
| 1924 | + 310 | + 430 |
| 1925 | + 429 | + 270 |
| 1926 | + 13 | − 60 |
| Total in seven years | +3232 | +4310 |

According to this interpretation, although our investments abroad during 1926 amounted to $1,357,000,000, most of the sum came from the following sources: foreign loans paid off, including sinking-funds payments; sales of foreign securities owned by Americans, plus purchases of American securities by foreigners; the net increase of foreign balances in America; the principal of war debts repaid; and various minor and indefinite items. A conspicuous feature of the London money market during the past few months has been the remarkable number of new capital issues floated by industrial enterprises. Their aggregate amount is not excessive; but their number is notable, as well as the facts that so many are issued by new undertakings and by new industries recently introduced in Great Britain. The beet-sugar industry, which was being boomed in the press only a short time ago, is now under attack because a supplementary estimate in the Budget will bring the total subsidies paid to it by the Government during the present financial year up to 27 million dollars. Only two of the eleven factories in the country have shown substantial profits even with public aid, although the new industry has already cost British taxpayers more than 50 million dollars. Meanwhile refiners complain that they are being driven out of business, partly by the competition of subsidized home-grown sugar, partly by the dumping of sugar from the Continent, and partly by the increasing consumption of washed or semirefined cane sugar. Mr. Walter Runciman, who is rated a business authority in the House of Commons, contends that 'with the beet-sugar subsidy at its present figure it would be cheaper from the national point of view to buy the whole tonnage in question at Rotterdam, where it can be got for about $70 a ton, to ship it over here, and to give it away in this country for nothing. And then you would still have enough money to pay

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£3 a week for three months to the 8400 men now engaged in our beet-sugar factories.'

The history of the phonograph industry since the invention of the radio illustrates the old adage that competition is the life of trade. Improvements stimulated by the appearance of that rival have boosted sales so remarkably that in England 'gramophone shares' have approximately doubled in price during the past year. The business has experienced a like revival in Germany, the only other large producer outside of the United States, where shares in the largest company are two hundred points above par. The most important bank fusion that has occurred in Great Britain since 1919 was announced a month ago, when the Bank of Liverpool and Martins, Ltd., and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank, Ltd., with aggregate assets of well toward half a billion dollars, amalgamated. The two institutions have nearly six hundred branches, mostly in the North Country, although a few are scattered as far south as Kent and the Isle of Man. Martins Bank, which will give its name to the combination, is traditionally supposed to have been founded by Sir Thomas Gresham, the author of 'Gresham's law.' Rumor has it that Lancashire employers in the cotton trade, including both weaving and spinning, are about to demand a reduction of wages and an extension of working hours. The *New Statesman* thinks this project 'is not unconnected with the parallel movement of the wool employers in Yorkshire.' Crosse and Blackwell, in connection with a proposed reorganization of the firm's capital structure, announce that American banking interests are to acquire a substantial holding in the company, with the object of developing its business in the United States and Canada. Like our own United States Rubber Company, the Dunlop Rubber Company has also become a large producer of plantation rubber, its output now being in the neighborhood of 16 million pounds annually, or larger than that of any other group of rubber estates in the British Empire. Rubber prices have risen of late, largely on account of heavy purchases by American consumers.

*France*

French industry is asking for extensive credits, which will doubtless be facilitated by the recent reduction of the Paris bank rate to 4 per cent. Prior to that event a quasi-public loan of one billion francs, issued through the Crédit Foncier, was announced, to be advanced to shipowners on a 4-per-cent basis to help them finance new construction. Simultaneously the Citroën Motor Company, sometimes called the French Ford, proposes to increase its capital from 300 million francs to 500 million francs through the issue of preferred stock, with cumulative dividends of 8 per cent and additional privileges. The company's output during the first ten months of 1927 showed an increase of 25 per cent. Nevertheless, the Paris correspondent of the London *Statist* reported in December: 'Business continues poor to fair, according to the industry. It cannot be said to be flourishing anywhere.' Railway receipts have fallen from 5 to 10 per cent on different systems as compared with 1926. Toward the close of the year the decline in the sale of silk, which has continued for a considerable period, became more pronounced, and prices are lower than they have been within the last ten years.

*Germany*

In Germany the controversy started by the Gilbert Memorandum has continued in the shadow of the Reparations Agent's last annual report. The Minister of Finance, Dr. Koehler, is attacked bitterly by politico-financial opponents as hav-

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ing invited the Gilbert indictment by his unconsidered inaugural speech in the Reichstag; and Dr. Schacht, the Governor of the Reichsbank, is on the defensive against those who criticize him for having stopped the inflow of needed American capital and demoralized the local money market. The *Börsen Zeitung* asks: 'How was it that for years trade was systematically bolstered up with foreign loans, which are now condemned as being inconsistent with the working out of the Dawes Plan, although it must have been known that the acceptance of such loans meant delay in the solution of the Reparations question? Now foreign loans are cut off forcibly, a trade-cramping financial policy is adopted, and the credit of German trade abroad is decried. If a foreign holder of German City loans loses 7 to 8 per cent on his scrip, he simultaneously loses his confidence in German private loans.' According to the last report of the Institut für Konjunkturforschung, which brings its survey of industrial conditions in Germany down to the end of November, the present period of business activity shows signs of reaching a climax, although no notable recessions are visible as yet. Warehouse stocks have not accumulated to the danger point, and plant extensions are still occurring, but in some important branches of manufacture the volume of unfilled orders has begun to decline. It is a source of weakness in the German trade situation that the old-time habit continues of bidding on foreign contracts — for ships, railway equipment, and so forth — at prices that barely pay expenses or involve a loss. German business is intent upon 'getting the trade,' as it was before the war, on the theory that current losses can be recouped later. But with taxes and social charges as high as they now are, and wages rising, the policy works havoc with dividends.

Keen disappointment was felt when the Daimler-Benz Corporation, the largest motor-car manufacturer in Germany, reported that it would have to pass its dividends again in 1927. This was the less expected because the company had recently authorized an increase of 14 million marks in its share capital and a loan of 20 million marks. Its shares, which have been quoted as high as 140 on the exchanges, now stand at 76. The directors stated in explanation of their failure to declare a dividend that 1927 had been a year of reconstruction, concentration, rationalization, and organization. The company's plants have been equipped with new machinery, four fifths of which had to be imported from the United States because it was not produced in Germany. This has necessitated temporary suspensions of production somewhat similar, in a smaller way, to last summer's shutdown in the Ford plants. Furthermore, Germany does not as yet offer a satisfactory home market for automobiles. Statistics indicate that she made in 1926 fewer than 32,000 passenger and 5000 commercial cars. This represented some falling off from the previous year. During the same season France produced 190,000 cars, England 170,000, and Italy 70,000. Germany's imports, largely from the United States, amounted to more than 11,000 passenger cars and 2000 commercial cars.

The proposal of the I. G. Farbenindustrie, Germany's great chemical trust, to add 250 million marks to its capital obligations on exceedingly favorable terms for investors, to be devoted to plant extensions and general business expansion, was accompanied by a statement that the Corporation was prosperous and would pay a 12-per-cent dividend the present year. This acted as a powerful stimulant on the whole stock market. It is under-

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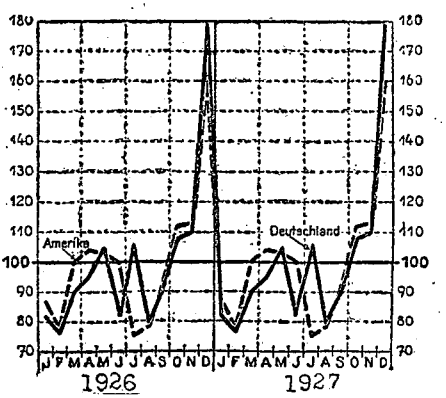
stood that the new capital will be used largely to extend the existing facilities for liquefying coal and manufacturing nitrates, and to advance the newly discovered process for making synthetic rubber. One of the latest achievements of the Trust is the production on a commercial scale of synthetic oleic acid, which promises to be a boon for soap-makers. German railways, in contrast with those of France, record a marked increase of traffic during 1927. This was the less anticipated because coal movements were abnormally heavy in 1926, on account of the British strike. As a result, there has been considerable complaint of car shortage — mitigated somewhat, however, by the use of trucks to supplement the railways.

An interesting illustration of parallelisms in the retail trade of different countries is afforded by the following graph showing percentage fluctuations in the monthly volume of sales of the 44 large department stores in Northern and Central Germany during 1926 and 1927 compared with corresponding figures for the United States.




*Elsewhere in Europe*

Hungary shows signs of marked economic recovery, largely due to the careful management of national finances and to the important public works started a year ago. The national income has increased more than 200 million dollars since 1925, and the country's export surplus last year amounted to over 83 million dollars, due largely to heavy shipments of grain abroad. At the beginning of 1927 Rumania reported 15,900 passenger and commercial motor vehicles, of which 7825 were of American make. This represented an increase in the American proportion from 34 per cent to 49 per cent within twelve months. Italy's stabilization of the lira at 19 to the dollar will, it is hoped, help materially to clear the business horizon in that country. Ever since June industrial shares, which had fallen to less than two thirds the quotations of December 1925, have been steadily mounting, the index passing 77 per cent of the maximum just indicated on November 5. Notwithstanding Italy's political hostility to Yugoslavia, she is that country's best foreign customer, taking 27 per cent of its exports, followed in order by Austria with 22 per cent and Czechoslovakia with 12 per cent. Spanish railway companies are protesting vigorously against the Government's requirement that they shall purchase 90 per cent of their fuel from domestic producers, on the ground that Spanish coal is inferior in steam-generating power and higher in price than Welsh coal.

*Asia and Australia*

Nearly 150 coastal and overseas vessels, and 700,000 tons of merchandise, were tied up in Australian ports last month by a longshoremen's strike. The men were working under an award of the arbitration court which theoretically prohibits such stoppages, but there was a conflict of opinion between employers and employees over the interpretation of its provisions. Work was ultimately resumed under a temporary amendment to the award,

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which seems to have granted provisionally the workers' demands. During 1926 India's coal mines produced approximately twenty-one million tons, which is more than any recent year but less than the record output of 1919. The average value at the pit-head was $1.50 gold a ton. None is exported except in ships' bunkers, the principal consumers being the railways, iron works, and other local industries, particularly cotton and jute mills.

According to the latest statistics, twenty-six bus companies were in operation in China at the end of 1926, their lines extending into eleven provinces. More than thirteen thousand miles of graded highway have been constructed during the past five years under the direction of a National Good Roads Association. A more remarkable extension of transportation facilities is occurring, however, in Manchuria and the northern frontier provinces, where new railways and extensions of old lines are reported almost daily. It is significant that these are promoted in several instances by the local gentry, or Chinese trade guilds, who manage to provide a considerable fraction of the capital required for their construction from local sources. To quote a Dairen daily, 'in view of the continued influx of refugee immigrants bringing in its wake the enlargement of the arable area, both the authorities and the people are, as it were, seized with a high railway fever.'

Autumn reports from Japan confirm the continuance of the business depression. Raw-silk prices are so low that various methods for restricting output, or at least exports, are under consideration. Important public-service corporations, like the Tokyo Electric Light Company, report a falling off in revenue both from domestic consumers and from power sales. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha, while maintaining an 8-per-cent dividend, announces heavy losses of freight business, especially on its China routes, and overcompetition in transpacific freights. Passenger business, however, continues good. The yen has declined somewhat in foreign exchange, partly on account of heavy purchases of cotton in the midst of the crop season. Japan is also buying considerable California rice raised by Japanese growers in our country. This rice is hardly distinguishable from that raised in Japan, and is popular in the market there for that reason. The Japan Woolen Textiles Company, which is considered the strongest unit in that industry, is still paying 15-per-cent dividends. Until five years ago, however, its rate was 40 per cent. Since night work in the cotton factories ceases under the new law, some of the stronger companies are making extensive additions to their machinery, much of which is purchased in Great Britain. 'As a measure for dealing with the persisting depression, a few leading industries have recently decided to cut down operations. The muslin delaine section of the woolen trade has announced the decision to restrict output by 25 per cent from December 11 to the end of March next. The Cement Manufacturers' Association, whose present rate of operation is 65 per cent of capacity, has decided to cut down output by an extra 200,000 barrels during the remainder of the year, the cut being apportioned among the member companies. The directors of the Cotton Spinners' Association have also ordered an 8-per-cent curtailment of production, in addition to the present 15-per-cent cut, small firms with 30,000 spindles and under being excluded from the scheme, which became operative on November 15. The idle spindles un-

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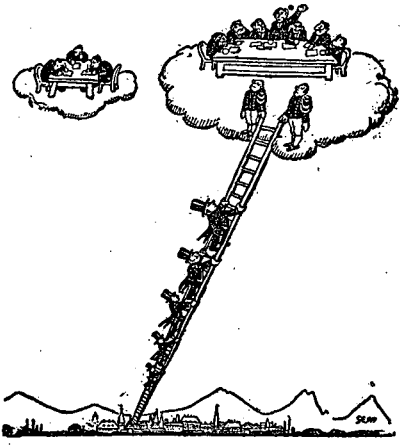
der the new scale amount to 1,140,000, or a little over 20 per cent of the total spindlage of the associated mills.'

*Latin America*

Guatemala is laboring energetically to restore her foreign credit. She has introduced a stable gold currency, established a new central bank of issue, and reached an agreement with her foreign bondholders for the interest arrears accumulated on her external debt prior to 1913. It may not be generally known to our readers that nine important British land companies, the largest of which has capital and reserves amounting to more than 42 million dollars, are operating in Argentina. Altogether they represent investments probably approaching 100 million dollars. With the exception of a single company, which has paid nothing to its common stockholders since 1922, dividends range from 3½ to 10 per cent. Taken as a group, these corporations are less profitable, however, than most other British enterprises in South America. Their recent setback is due partly to the depression in sugar and to unfavorable factors in the grazing industry. They are not to an appreciable extent engaged in raising cereals. The fortunes of these companies suggest little, however, as to business conditions in Argentina as a whole, for she has ceased to be exclusively or even preponderantly a pastoral country. Agricultural products, as distinct from grazing products, now form more than one half of her exports, and the past season, largely by virtue of the former, has been one of the most prosperous in her history. Harrod's, Ltd., a British firm, reports that the trading profits of its Argentine stores last year reached 1½ million dollars, as compared with about one million dollars the previous season.

## AS ITALY SEES IT



'Quite in the Clouds'

Panorama of the
Geneva Disarmament Conference

— *Tevere*, Rome

First War Cripple (studying cinema posters of 'The Big Parade,' 'What Price Glory?' and so forth). 'But who fought the war, anyway?'

Second Ditto. 'The Yankees, of course. They made the films.' — *Tribuna*, Rome

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# AVE, LINDBERGH![1]

BY EFREN REBOLLEDO

Now doth the air-cleaving eaglet of powerful wing
And dauntless heart,
The bird imperial, beloved of the air and sun,
Strain eagerly on his high mountain perch
To scan with piercing eye the vast expanse below,
And spreading his golden pinions
Catch with the sure instinct of his breed
The winds that bear him onward in his course
To the distant, tempting valley that he seeks.

Cometh he like the eagle of ancient lore
Who led a migrant nation to its home,
Lured by the diamond waters of our lake,
To plunge his ravening talons in her bosom
And leave it crimson?
Or doth he obey some falconer
And dart unhooded, like a feathered shaft,
At his helpless quarry?
Perchance the President of the Stars and Stripes,
Or the gold lords of Wall Street,
Are his master?
What fancies, fleeter e'en than his swift flight,
Flit through his mind as he sweeps across
Mountains filled with silver
Or broad plains fat with oil?
What brings this bird of war and prey?

But no!
Dismiss distrust of violence and guile.
Oh, land of Cuauhtemoc,
Bedeck thyself for welcome,
And take him to thy bosom.
For it is Lindbergh, the poet of the air,
The prince of aviation,
Who, as the spirits Dante places in the realm divine,
Comes flashing through the ether like a ray of light,
To set our hearts on fire
And with radiant visions fill our souls.

[1] From *El Universal* (Mexican Independent daily), *December* 14



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# BEYOND HAVANA[1]

## A PAN AMERICAN SYMPOSIUM

### THE PRESENT STATE OF VENEZUELA[1]

[THE author of this article has written a book on *Democratic Cæsarism* that will shortly be translated into French. Just before leaving Paris he wrote this account of his native country for the *Revue de l'Amérique Latine*.]

MY perfect knowledge of my country's history permits me to assert that Venezuela is now experiencing for the first time a long period of real peace and fruitful prosperity.

This simple statement may not seem very important to a foreigner, but if one stops to consider that for over a century, ever since the War of Independence, revolutions have followed upon each other's heels incessantly, interrupted only by brief breathing spells of latent anarchy, it is impossible to underestimate the merit of the man whose iron will and whose keen intuition have served his native country with such noble unselfishness and who has succeeded in changing the psychology of his people by making them love peace and work and the benefits that arise from them.

To-day there are food and contentment in every house. Salaries have doubled. City workers and farmers live well, and social democracy has followed political democracy. Freed from class distinctions, Venezuela has realized the ideal of equality more fully than any other country in the world. Our social problem now consists in raising the educational standards of the masses, who through peace and industry can attain all the benefits they vainly demanded from exotic political principles and bloody warfare. This is the foundation of the work General Gómez has performed.

As an individualist, I believe that, for better or worse, individual action is decisive in the evolution of any society. Many elements, including surroundings, racial considerations, and historic vicissitudes, have shaped the political instincts of the Venezuelan nation and have made it realize that the first attribute of government is submission to a chief who has been vested with extensive power. This power had been wielded basely by certain people, but General Gómez, a man of exceptional intellectual and moral integrity, has used it to do good, to produce the maximum of happiness, social security, and political stability. In short, he has created the best kind of government conceivable, following the positivist precepts of our liberator, Simon Bolivar.

General Gómez has mirrored, or, better still, has synthesized, the character of our nation, and therefore understands our aspirations and first needs more fully than anyone else. Having been born to rule, — for rulers are born just as poets are, — his experiences, both in military campaigns and in the political arena, and his long

[1] By Laureano Vallenilla Lanz, in *Revue de l'Amérique Latine* (Paris American-affairs monthly), *December*



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tenure of power have made him one of the greatest statesmen in South America, and superior to any other that Venezuela ever produced.

Naturally General Gómez had to fight hard to bring Venezuela to the state of peace and prosperity that it enjoys to-day. Many other men would have succumbed to the task. He had to fight, as I have said, not only in military campaigns, but in the chambers of government, where the most absurd ambitions were threatening to betray the interests of the country. The necessity for defense made repressive measures imperative. I can only repeat here what I have often had the occasion to say before concerning the repressive methods that General Gómez was unfortunately compelled to take several years ago: 'A man cannot be too vigorous and vigilant when his country's salvation is at stake.'

To-day it can be said that this state of health is thoroughly assured. The best proof of this is that Venezuela contains no political prison. The old San Carlos castle that the Spaniards built, and the Rotunda of Caracas that was known as the Royal Prison in colonial days, have ceased to play their former rôle. More eloquent proof still is provided by the fact that ever since the twenty-fourth of July, 1925, General Gómez has opened the country's doors to all who left it for political reasons. This was a glorious occasion, and an immense satisfaction to the great patriot, who saw his aspirations of good fellowship being realized at last. His word alone brought all his former adversaries back to their homes, ready to collaborate with him in rebuilding the country. They did not return conquered and humiliated, but strengthened with every guaranty they could desire. It is not we, the faithful servants of General Gómez, it is, rather, his recent adversaries, who can testify better than anyone else to the great prosperity of Venezuela and to the value of the work accomplished. General Gómez was able to say in his last message to the National Congress that his government had no enemies, and this he said in the presence of many important men who until recently were his adversaries, but who now occupy legislative positions.

I realize that I am ignoring the attacks leveled at General Gómez by a few men who are skulking in foreign countries, where they give themselves the airs of people of importance, although nobody knows them in Venezuela, and who play the part of political martyrs, saying that they are his adversaries or his victims. It is an easy way of gaining prestige, especially when the European press lives in such ignorance of the real conditions in South America.

But let us return to our point of departure. What is the present situation of Venezuela?

Twenty-five years of peace, after a century of constant revolution. The extinction of the old political parties that flourished entirely on antagonism and boasted no principles or ideals. The reorganization of public finance without recourse to any foreign expert, and, as a consequence of this, the reduction of our foreign debt by one third, and the expenditure of hundreds of millions on public works, which include the construction of seven thousand kilometres of magnificent roads and the development of public instruction and public hygiene.

All this progress has been made without any increase in taxation, and it may be well to remark that Venezuela has a lower tax rate than any other country in the world. Curiously enough, our régime of equality has almost automatically established among us a state

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of distributive justice in so far as taxes are concerned. The national income is principally derived from indirect payments, which fall chiefly on the wealthy classes. Last year our Budget exceeded one hundred million bolivars, — the bolivar is on a par with the dollar, — and it has constantly shown a favorable balance, thus permitting the Government to maintain a deposit of gold in the Bank of Venezuela varying from seventy to eighty million bolivars. We have acquired and established a state of economic independence. We have enough money to fill all our needs without turning to foreign creditors. Mr. Francis B. Loomis, former Undersecretary of State in the United States, has declared that Venezuela could raise a loan of one hundred million dollars in twenty-four hours with its own credit as the sole guaranty. It may, however, be said in passing that we are perhaps the only country in the world that does not owe a cent to the United States.

As for the debts that General Gómez's Government inherited from previous administrations, — and they run back through the entire period of our country's independence, — they could all have been repaid, but, since the creditors were holding paper of absolutely sure value that yielded heavy interest, they did not present it for repayment. Are there many other countries which find themselves in such a condition?

At a time when insecurity seems to be prevailing almost everywhere in the world, and when we are hearing of assassinations almost every day, Venezuela has almost completely suppressed crime, thanks to a simple law backed up by the authority of General Gómez. Travelers can traverse any part of our immense country without fear, as any foreigner who has visited our shores in recent years can testify. Our law against carrying arms is rarely violated.

Civil wars and lack of authority had produced a multitude of bandits whom justice could not reach, because the desert assured them security. General Gómez succeeded in eliminating them, and many useful elements were discovered among these undesirables. This work of moral recovery explains the enviable security of Venezuela.

In conclusion I can do no better than quote a paragraph from the last Presidental Message read at the closing of this year's parliamentary session, for it provides an admirable and clear synthesis of our condition: 'In contact with nature, and in a position to observe things and people, I felt keenly during my youth the burden of sorrow that weighed upon our nation. The countryside was abandoned, for only a few of us dared to cultivate our estates. The cities were dead, for industry was absent. Our subsoil wealth remained unexploited, and the towns in the interior were isolated from each other. Later, during the period of fighting and civil war, I heard the lamentations and imprecations of the men who were falling from power, and I recalled the profound truth that the Holy Book of our religion teaches us when it says that human blood spilled on the earth cries out to Heaven. I vowed that if I were ever in a position to exercise a decisive influence on the destiny of our country I would put an end to the political agitations and to the parties and clubs that only sowed seeds of hatred and impelled men to fly at each other's throats in fratricidal strife. Providence heard my vow, and to-day we can say with just satisfaction that for many long years the soil of Venezuela has not been soaked in blood. No cry of accusation arises from our native land; she no longer reproaches us for keeping

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her in a state of sterility; and contentment, peace, and progress extend throughout all Venezuela.'

## REAL RED AMERICA [2]

[We print this sketch by a well-known German writer and world traveler in partial elucidation of the recent Indian revolt in Bolivia. The uprising has been suppressed and its leaders pardoned on the ground that they had been worked upon by Bolshevist emissaries from Moscow. This charge has been firmly denied by the Soviet Embassy at Paris, which contends that documents which were seized in Bolivia were the work of Russian Monarchist forgers.]

Europeans acquire their first ideas of the red race from the Leatherstocking Tales, and they have forgotten, if they ever knew, the fact that the Indians of South America have always represented, since long before their first contact with the white man, an entirely different type. Instead of losing their native traits upon government reservations, they number millions, and they form an important, if not the most important, element in the population of that continent.

It probably came as a surprise to most of us, therefore, to hear that a great Indian insurrection had occurred in Bolivia. True to our preconceived opinions, we dismissed the incident as of little importance and the report as an exaggeration. For we are mostly entirely ignorant of the fact that a critical race question exists in several South American republics. In a book published not long ago describing my travels through those republics I prophesied a great Indian uprising in Bolivia. The present revolt, however, is not the one I had in view. When the big racial uprising occurs, it will not be started by the bow-and-arrow and lasso Indians of the Andean plateaus and forests, but by the civilized or half-civilized Indians of the cities. Unless the latter place themselves at the head of such a revolt, it can never assume large proportions.

The attitude of European conquerors, explorers, and settlers toward the native population was from the outset different in South and Central America from what it was in North America. In the latter continent the Indians were exterminated or expelled from their tribal territories. In South America they were subjugated and incorporated in the colonial economy. The white people of that continent are entitled to their designation only with qualification: most of them have Indian blood in their veins. This is less true of countries that have had a large and steady immigration from Europe, like Argentina, Uruguay, and the southern states of Brazil. But many of the republics have received very few newcomers from abroad, and it is exceptional for a family that dates from the Conquest to have kept its blood pure.

These native whites have pursued a shrewd policy — indeed, the only one that, in view of their small numbers, they could pursue — of accepting mixed-bloods, both politically and socially, as whites. In some countries where the Indian element is especially strong, as it is in Bolivia, no racial distinctions are recognized except as they chance to run parallel with the social stratification. An Indian who has made money and acquired a certain veneer of culture is accepted in white circles without question. He is regarded as a white, and can become a cabinet minister or a president, as not infrequently happens.

[2] By Colin Ross in *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *November* 24

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Only by thus admitting the ablest and the most enterprising and ambitious members of the oppressed Indian lower classes into their ranks has the nominally white upper class been able to maintain its ascendancy. For not only do the Indians overwhelmingly outnumber the whites, but they are kept in a state of economic dependence that borders on slavery. In Bolivia, for example, land is not sold by the acre, but by the number of native families upon it. These belong to the land. They are inseparable from it, and they are bought and sold with it. They form the bulk of the population. As a rule they are obligated to work three or four, and sometimes five, days a week for their master without pay. Not only their labor, but that of their wives and children and that of their cattle, belongs to the landlord.

This by no means exhausts the duties of these prædial serfs. They have to supply their master with a certain number of male and female house servants, so-called *pongos* and *mitanis*. If the number of these personal servants is larger than the master himself can employ, he rents them out to families in the city. As long as I was residing in La Paz I rented such pongos. They had the disadvantage that they changed every week, for these serfs have to support themselves from the little holdings which their master allows them; consequently they cannot stay away from home much more than a week at a time. It was a partial compensation for this disadvantage that I did not have to trouble myself about how my servants got back and forth from their farms, nor to supply them with much in the way of food or quarters. The pongo sleeps before the door of his master, or at least in any chance corner of the house, and is satisfied with the leavings of his master's table.

I need hardly add that the master has the right to inflict corporal punishment on both his male and female servants. Consequently it is not surprising that Indian revolts are constantly occurring in these countries. They are generally accompanied by indescribable cruelties whenever an isolated white man falls into the hands of the insurgents. Instances even of cannibalism are reported. These revolts are invariably suppressed, however, with Indian troops commanded by white officers. The one recently reported simply happened to be a little larger than the others and to have caught the attention of Europe.

These uprisings, as I have said, will never seriously threaten white supremacy until the abler and more aggressive Indians are excluded from the ruling class. But when the Indian, as will surely happen, becomes sufficiently impregnated with European civilization to be conscious of a blood loyalty to his people and to aspire to lead them as a people, then we may look for a complete transformation in the political and social structure of a large part of South America, which will startle and surprise Europe quite as much as has the nationalist revolution in China.

Traditions of the Incas still survive among the Indians of Peru and Bolivia. Like many other colored races, the natives magnify the glory of their own past as a defense against the European civilization thrust upon them. I have heard intelligent Egyptian Nationalists exalt the age of the Pharaohs for the same reason. Eventually this dream of restoring the Inca Empire that lies latent in every Indian heart, and that may capture the imagination of a growing partly educated upper class among them, is likely to find expression. Not until the time is ripe for that, however, shall we see an Indian revolt that machine guns cannot crush in its inception — a great general

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uprising following the lines, perhaps, of the present Chinese revolution.

### PERU AND CHILE AT FIXED BAYONETS [3]

SOUTH AMERICA is quite as strictly a mere geographical conception as is Europe. Notwithstanding their kinship in race, language, and religion, the Spanish American peoples — omitting Brazil, which occupies a position of its own — still lack a common political consciousness, and they are afflicted with national antipathies resembling in many respects those of Europe. These discordant tendencies are best illustrated by the boundary disputes existing between nearly all of the countries of that continent — between Venezuela and Colombia, Ecuador and Peru, Peru and Chile, Bolivia and Paraguay. A Chilean statesman tersely characterized the situation recently in these words: 'Latin America is rent asunder by political rivalries and frontier jealousies.' Comparatively little is heard of this friction in Europe, and if the United States had not intervened in the Tacna-Arica dispute, thus bringing it to the attention of the whole world, even that most serious of all these difficulties would never have become a matter of common knowledge.

Perfect weather greeted me on my arrival at Arica. The palm-shaded promenade along the beach invited one to *dolce far niente*, and the gentle sea breeze was as stimulating and refreshing as on a perfect day upon the Riviera. A hotel is under construction, designed to make the city a health resort, especially for wealthy residents of the Bolivian highland, who are expected to come here to escape the rigors of their inclement season. But a comparison with the Riviera ends there, for Arica is surrounded by a stony desert whose soil supports nothing but telephone poles and railway tracks. A diminutive railroad, using Ford cars as locomotives, connects the port with the attractive little provincial town of Tacna, two hours' journey inland, where a green oasis interrupts the desolation of the desert. In the distance, clearly outlined against the blue horizon, glisten the snowy peaks of the Andes. It is a long, long way to Peru, which once reckoned this province among her territories. To-day Chilean soldiers hold the frontier posts and the flag of Chile flies over the public buildings. I am in the very centre of the Alsace-Lorraine of South America.

This comparison, however, is also somewhat strained. The national rivalries of Alsace are centuries old, while those of Tacna and Arica date from only a few generations back. One hundred years ago these provinces, as well as the rival countries that now claim them, were part of the common patrimony of Spain. When the provincials severed their ties with the mother country and the district was incorporated in the new Republic of Peru, the only inhabitants were Indians. All the history of the present controversy lies within the memory of living men. After the war of 1879 between Peru and Chile, which was the first act in the great salt petre drama, the victorious Chileans seized the rich province of Tarapacá as spoils of war and occupied Tacna-Arica, subject to an understanding incorporated in the peace treaty that its ultimate political destiny should be decided by a plebiscite within ten years. One of the bloodiest battles in the war between the two countries was fought at Arica. Close to the city a massive cliff towers over the sea, which the Peruvian garrison held to the last. Its commander, Francisco Bolognesi,

[3] By Doctor Max Jordan, in *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *November* 23

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and his valiant little army fought until not one of his seventeen hundred men survived. To-day the Chilean flag waves over the summit of this *morro*, a symbol in Peruvian eyes of foreign rule and national humiliation. School-children in Peru are taught to memorize every detail of the 'slaughter of Arica,' until *Reconquistad el Morro!* has become a national slogan that may some day drive the whole nation into an impetuous campaign to recover its lost territories.

Undoubtedly this hostility is a standing threat to the peace of South America. The story of the effort made by the Government of the United States to secure an amicable settlement of the differences is familiar to all. Its well-meaning efforts proved fruitless largely because the Americans failed to prepare themselves sufficiently beforehand for handling so complicated a problem and because they did not make adequate allowance for the psychology of the situation and the intensity of the sentiment it had aroused in the disputed territory. So it became necessary for the arbitrator to issue a formal statement to the effect that the plebiscite provided for in the agreement between the two countries was impossible because a fair polling had proved to be impossible as long as the Chilean Government was in control. This was after the Plebiscite Commission had labored futilely for eleven months, at an expense to the two countries of nearly four million dollars. Its members left the provinces in a worse condition than when they arrived. Washington has since suggested other compromises. These look to granting Bolivia a zone through the disputed territory, giving her access to the sea, in return for financial compensation to Chile. But Peru will hear nothing of such a settlement, and so proceedings remain at an impasse.

A traveler seeing Tacna-Arica for the first time can hardly contain his surprise that this sandy desert should have become an apple of discord between two great nations. The provinces, which have an area about equal to that of Saxony and Thuringia combined, seem practically worthless. The hope of finding salt petre deposits has so far proved delusive. Why then *tant de bruit pour une omelette?* Closer inquiry shows, however, that much more than an omelette is at stake. In fact, the ultimate disposition of Tacna and Arica promises to have an important influence upon the future of the rival nations. Peru and Bolivia have never forgotten their defeat. In the eyes of the former country Chile is still regarded as a hated enemy, who made an unprovoked attack upon her for purely imperialist reasons, who disgraced her campaigns with brutal atrocities, and who used her victory to impose an unjust peace. Bolivia, Peru's ally in the war, cherishes the same feeling, but is ready to renounce her claim to a return of her former coastal provinces, and particularly of the important port of Antofagasta, provided she receives in compensation a strip of territory giving her access to the sea. Chile, as the victor in the war and holder of the spoils, has no interest in pressing for a solution as long as she is in secure possession of the disputed area. But this does not exhaust the list of complications. Chile's urge toward territorial expansion has not ceased. Her pushful policy, especially under her new military administration, makes her a peculiarly disturbing element in the South American concert. Don Rios Gallardo, her energetic Foreign Minister, in a book published shortly before he took office and entitled *Después de la Paz*, discussed at length his country's relations with Bolivia, constantly laying stress upon the fact that Chile is one

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of the smallest republics in South America. In fact, only Ecuador, Paraguay, and Uruguay have less area. Furthermore, only two-thirds of Chile's territory is suitable for human habitation, although she has twice as dense a population as Bolivia, whose area is double her own. The conclusion which Don Rios Gallardo draws from this situation certainly lacks nothing of frankness. 'Our country will face in the not distant future a critical overpopulation crisis. In a far less pressing contingency the United States seized time by the forelock and appropriated a large section of Mexico. Chile must demand territorial readjustments to guarantee her future.' It is suggested that Bolivia, which has more land than she can occupy, would find it no sacrifice to cede a few hundred thousand square kilometres to Chile — in return, the reader is left to infer, for access to the sea.

Chile's readiness to negotiate on the basis of the so-called 'Kellogg Plan' for giving Bolivia part of the disputed territory found no echo in Peru. The Foreign Minister at Lima said in his reply to Mr. Kellogg, with unmistakable irony, 'If Chile wants to give Bolivia anything, let it be Antofagasta,' and insisted that before any enduring settlement could be made the towns of Tacna and Arica, with their port and the historical Morro, must be returned to Peru. That done, she might be ready to negotiate for the internationalization of the district.

To this suggestion a Chilean critic answers that Tacna and Arica may mean little in themselves, but that they bear an important relation to the salt petre province of Tarapacá, Chile's prize of victory in 1883. Quoting Sancho Panza's aphorism that the more you scratch the worse you itch, he argues that if Peru once got Tacna-Arica back she would then demand Tarapacá, a province that even before the war was inhabited largely by Chileans and did practically all of its business with Chile. He further urges that Peru is not in a position to adduce moral arguments in favor of her contentions, for she herself has arbitrarily wrested more than three hundred thousand square kilometres of territory from Colombia and Ecuador. Chilean military men also claim that the Morro is the Gibraltar of their North, the key for the defense of their salt petre province, which otherwise would never be secure from invasion.

Thus the circle returns to the sign of the sword. Peru is in Chile's eyes her only potential enemy. A war of *revanche* constantly hovers in the nation's imagination. One repeatedly reads such expressions as this in the Chilean newspapers: 'The day of the next declaration of war, which Peru will delay until she is fully prepared . . .' A correspondent of *Mercurio*, one of the leading papers of the country, upon returning from a trip through the coastal district of Peru reported that every Peruvian regarded Chile as his country's mortal enemy, and that he heard on every hand, 'We are ready for her.' I personally have encountered this same spirit likewise in Chile. A high official there, after assuring me that his country desired peace and wanted no trouble with her neighbors, added significantly, 'But our patience has a limit.' Chile believes that she is unquestionably superior to Peru as a sea power, but Peru is building railways and important highways which Chile believes are constructed for strictly strategic purposes, in order to make the next war a land war. General Cabrera, one of the high officers of the Chilean army, characterized these public works in a recent article as 'the seeds of war, which will force Chile, from considerations of ordinary pru-

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dence, to live with her weapons in her hands.' And he added: 'An intolerable armed peace! Constant threat of war, where the smallest incident may set the frontier in flames.' Don Rios Gallardo, the Foreign Minister, puts it this way: 'An armed peace will undermine the economic strength of the young Latin American republics and inevitably end in hostilities.'

Tacna-Arica is therefore an open wound. But Chile has an unquestionable tactical advantage there. She has been in possession for nearly fifty years, and Peru justly accuses her of systematically Chileanizing the country.

Yet some hope still exists that the controversy may be settled without a clash of arms. Even in Peru there are champions of compromise, who attribute their country's misfortune to an 'historical, geographical, and economic fatality' resulting from the arbitrary way in which the Spanish Crown drew the old provincial boundaries in colonial days. They ask why Bolivia should not be given the access to the sea that she needs, when it would be a comparatively small sacrifice for Peru. A prominent publicist of that country declared in an article printed in a Lima newspaper last February that the country had more important problems before it — the education of the Indians, the subdivision of the great estates, the improvement of public finances, the development of its virgin territories — than wrangling over a strip of southern desert.

The idea of internationalizing Tacna-Arica finds little acceptance in South America, for the public opinion of the whole continent fears that it would give the United States a predominant influence in that part of the world. Even Kellogg's proposal to give Tacna-Arica to Bolivia was commonly interpreted as a covert move to secure his country a naval base on the South Pacific. In Chile's note of reply this sentiment was expressed in no uncertain terms. The Santiago Government declared itself determined to insist on the four following 'principles': (1) the conclusion of a trade agreement between Chile and Peru; (2) the inclusion of Bolivia in this treaty; (3) the neutralizing and complete disarming of the disputed district; and (4) security against Bolivia's surrendering any of its rights in Tacna-Arica to Peru or to any other Power. The significance of these four points was clear. Although the Bolivian demand for a harbor might be satisfied, that would not prevent the United States, whose financial and economic position in Bolivia is enormously strong, from intermeddling and eventually, perhaps, making Arica a base for commercial and even naval operations. Bolivia was in no position to fulfill Kellogg's proposal of compensating Peru and Chile financially, and if such a deal were put through it would have to be consummated with American money, which would put Bolivia under an obligation to a foreign Power for its newly won coastal province. Whether or not the State Department had laid its plans so far ahead cannot yet be ascertained.

Similar rumors have also been spread abroad in connection with the increased American business interests in the North Peruvian harbor of Chimbote, whose hinterland, including Tara and Pariña, is rich in petroleum, and would make an excellent naval base. Then, too, there are the Galápagos Islands, belonging to Ecuador, which people have often said were objects of American imperialist ambitions. I am inclined to believe that all these theories are pure fancy, for the amount of Latin American antagonism against the United States an attempt to realize them would arouse would far

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exceed any attendant strategic advantages. Nevertheless — and the same theme has been elaborated in other connections — the fact remains that all of Chile is full of outspoken mistrust of the Yankees. 'We must prevent the imperialism of the Star-Spangled Banner from flaunting itself in Arica,' the present Chilean Foreign Minister, Don Rios Gallardo, wrote in his book, *Después de la Paz*, 'for that would then be planting this flag in the very heart of Spanish America. Chile cannot give up an inch of land [Bolivia is the nation he has in mind] without being absolutely sure who its real and sole sovereign will be.'

Lima saw things differently. President Leguia has reckoned upon American support as his trump card, and has left no room for doubt on the matter. The United States occupies a stronger position in Peru than it does in any other South American country except Brazil. Coöperation with the Americans is a matter of prime interest to the Peruvians, and they demand it even more ardently than do the people of Bolivia, whose former Foreign Minister, Sanchez Bustamente, uttered the classic phrase, '*Interesar al Yanqui!*' (We must interest the Yankees.)

Ever since the United States intervened in the Tacna-Arica dispute, Chile has taken the view that Washington was standing firmly behind Peru. To-day, particularly after Kellogg's failure, all Chile is convinced that Washington has been trying to play the rôle of *arbiter Americæ*, but that since these efforts ended in a complete fiasco Chile's own mission stands out more clear than ever before, and she feels it incumbent upon her to raise the flag of South American freedom and independence against the Colossus of the North. Thus the whole Pacific question — *la cuestión del Pacifico* — has become a vital issue in world politics, whose significance will soon be appreciated far and wide.

# THE SOUL OF SWEDEN [1]

BY AN ENGLISH VISITOR

The Swedes are nationally the most modest people in Europe; but their modesty, however commendable and refreshing from one point of view, is highly disconcerting to the inquirer into Swedish life and affairs. 'The English papers,' I remarked to several prominent Swedes, 'are unfortunately unable to devote very much space to Sweden, and cannot afford to keep regular correspondents in Stockholm.'

'It would n't be worth their while,' replied the Swedes, with alacrity. 'Nothing happens here. There are no politics, and very little of anything else. We jog along quietly. Why have you come here? What do you expect to find?'

'Well,' I would answer, a little peevishly, 'a journalist simply cannot

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *November* 14, 15, 16, 17, 18

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believe that in a large and historically famous country with six million inhabitants there is nothing whatever waiting to be discovered and published. You people must be up to something. Beneath the apparent calm a tempest is brewing in the labor market, or else you have an infant Fascismo, or a world religion, or a great literary genius, or you are plotting to bring to birth a league of small peoples with yourselves at the head of it. You cannot be as innocent as you look.'

But the Swedes rebut all these honorable accusations — not with vehemence, for that is forbidden by the national code of manners, but with firmness. The relations of employers and employed are, they allege, increasingly friendly. The fact is not proclaimed in semiofficial *communiqués*. The labor world is a trifle ashamed of it. But it is a fact. The post-war deflation crisis, which in Sweden was desperately serious, can now be considered resolved; a modestly rising curve of business sweetens tempers all round. Inevitably, in a country where official Socialism has twice taken office, there is a 'minority movement' on the Left which girds at the Socialist leaders for their treacherous compromises with bourgeois tradition; inevitably there is a little group of persons who become hysterical about the Red Peril and suggest methods of combating it which to the man in the middle seem as perilous as the peril itself. But an infant Fascism? Swedish Fascism is an embryo foredoomed to stillbirth. Swedish home politics are as undramatic as could be imagined. The Swedish substitutes for black shirts and red ties are blue books and red tape, but not more of this latter than any other wholesome democracy can display.

Nor are the problems of Sweden's foreign policy thrilling to the outside observer. There is an armament question. The Conservatives demand an increase in the naval forces. To what end? None, in particular. The cleft in Swedish foreign politics is between those who believe more and those who believe less in the League of Nations. Everybody, or almost everybody, believes in it in some measure. But Sweden's first experience of the League was the award of the disputed Aaland Islands to Finland, a bitter disappointment to nationally minded Swedes. Since that day the Conservatives urge, 'Put not your trust in Geneva,' or, at their mildest, 'Trust in Geneva and keep your powder dry.' The powder is to be kept dry for the eventuality of a fresh European conflict, from which, say the Swedish Conservatives, nobody in Europe can possibly hope to hold aloof. By whom, in such a case, Sweden fears to be attacked remains obscure. Pre-war Sweden lived in constant and unfeigned fear of Russia, but the most resolute hater of Sovietry acknowledges that Red Russia, now divided from Sweden by a firmly established Finland, harbors no designs upon Lapland. The armament dispute appears thus to reflect divergencies of tradition rather than divergencies of political outlook. If you were brought up in a fine old Swedish family with traditions handed down from the age of Gustavus Adolphus, then you want to see your country strongly armed even if there is nobody to arm against. If you were n't, you don't. These are Sweden's foreign politics in a nutshell.

Happy the nations that have no (contemporary) history. 'But,' the visitor insists, 'all the energy which other countries throw into politics is doubtless sublimated in your case into something rich and strange in the way of spiritual and intellectual movements. Now tell me,' he will pursue, 'what are the problems that set eager young

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men at each other's ears in their varsity "digs" at Upsala and in the cafés of Stockholm? Who, in Sweden, is your Shaw, your Bertrand Russell, your Wells — your big men of general ideas, conveyers of the great currents which are surging through our civilization?' The Swede replies stolidly, 'Our students do their work, and spend their leisure playing games.' This studious and sporting worthiness of the Swedish student is extolled with solemn approval by the men 'with no nonsense about them.' But I have seen a distinguished Upsala professor tell the same story with something like tears in his eyes. 'We have no Shaw, no Russell, no Wells,' he declared. 'Once we had Strindberg.' Here his eyes glistened. 'If you English had taken more interest in Strindberg twenty years ago you would n't be opening your mouths quite so wide at Pirandello to-day,' said the professor with something bordering upon an abandonment of national modesty. There are two names which provoke a flicker of nationalistic fire in Swedish eyes — Strindberg and Gustavus Adolphus. It is well to look them up in the encyclopædia before leaving for Sweden.

From such conversations the journalist hunting for the soul of modern Sweden returns with a yawningly empty bag. Nobody will give him the shadow of an encouragement to discover great things maturing in the bosom of this quiescent country, ready to burst forth and astonish the world. 'No,' they say, 'here we are poked away high up in a corner of Europe, right off all the spiritual and material highways. As if to enhance our isolation, all you Great Powers go and wage a war of extermination for five years, so that your new generations have grown up amid the clash of arms and the odor of blood, while we were doing business as usual, or, rather, far better than usual — though we managed to drop most of the proceeds a few years later with the German mark. And now you come and ask us to be exciting and interesting. We are not. We are upright, worthy, well-fed, humane, intellectually adequate Northerners. The soul of Sweden? Fiddlesticks! We don't believe in souls.'

If Sweden has a soul, where does the shy creature lurk? Where can traces of it be found? No Swede will give you the slightest assistance, and the only course open to the would-be discoverer is to wander at random in the hope of catching, here and there, a glimpse or a cue.

The first vivid impression received by one such loafer was, 'What a charming symphony in blue and white!' It took a subsequent moment of reflection to see whence the impression arose. The view contemplated was that from the great bridge under the shadow of the royal castle. I saw no white building: the sky was making a very feeble effort toward blueness. The general color of the city was rather blonde-brown, but it was as if a strand of blue and white ribbons were twined through the blonde tresses. Then I realized that on every side celestially blue trams, of delicate construction, were careering round the water's edge, while the water itself was full of white ferryboats. A fascinating spectacle! The beauty of trams has long been known to our best poets ('Castles of crystal, castles of wood,' Miss Sitwell calls them), the beauty of ferryboats can melt the hardest heart, but where else than in Stockholm are they seen weaving so delicate a woof and web from end to end and from side to side of a great city, girlishly fresh and clean by day, stately and scintillating by night? This blue and white symphony is evidently something peculiarly Swedish.

I survey my prospect anew. With a

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sigh of relief I register the fact that I cannot see the Town Hall. That Town Hall has haunted me since I began planning this journey. Its photograph has the place of honor in every book or pamphlet on Sweden. Railway posters boom it. Returned tourists rave on it with a positiveness of appreciation evidently based on faith in Baedeker's double stars. I had feared the thing might haunt you in Stockholm like the Italian national monument in Rome, or, till recently, the great wheel at South Kensington. But from this point, at any rate, it is invisible. Now, finding I cannot see it, I begin to want to see it; I feel it will tell me something about the soul of Sweden. As I round a corner it sweeps into view. My fears were unfounded. It is, as has been alleged, a monument of simple and striking beauty. It does not dominate Stockholm; it fits into the general panorama as it should. The guidebooks, with their love of geographical analogy, call Stockholm 'the Venice of the North,' simply because both cities are built on lagoon archipelagoes. The Town Hall, completed in 1923, does in truth strike one as 'Nordic-Venetian' in style. The waterside colonnade is pure Venetian, and Venetian in its exuberance is the gilded affair surmounting the fortress tower. The whole building gives an effect of lightness and cleanness triumphing over massiveness, with occasional lapses into the bizarre. The triumph and the lapse are characteristically Swedish.

The favorable impression produced by the exterior is confirmed as you enter the main courtyard of the building, while the smaller of the gorgeous departments constitute a veritable museum of good taste. Chandeliers, carpets, chairs, book bindings — all are of exquisite quality. The Red Hall, decorated in cardinal red, where the City Fathers meet, is gorgeous and a little bit childish, but, on the whole, sober. Ultimately you reach the antechamber of the Yellow Hall. The doors slide back and a dull golden gleam oozes from the crevices. You then receive the æsthetic shock of your life. The vast hall is plastered with colossal mosaics which glare down at you from a rich golden background. The technique is that of the sixth Christian century, the subject a pell-mell of Scandinavian pagandom and international modernity. Impossible almond-eyed deities (whether Odins or Freyas it is politer not to ask), hooded Arabs, top-hatted Europeans, and other incongruities, jostle through the odd scene. The effect is gorgeous and striking — like a lovely woman in harlequin's dress for a fancy-dress ball; a very pretty joke, in fact. But perpetuation of the bizarre in a durable and expensive medium — that should be left to degenerate despots and wealth-weary captains of commerce. In a civic edifice there should be more thought of the morrow. How soon may the inhabitants of Stockholm be expected to burst into their administrative palace and tear down the precious stuff in handfuls, to hurl it in the waters of the neighboring sound? Even excessive good taste has its Nemesis. Afraid of anything ordinary insufficiently stylized, the Stockholm artists have here taken a most unfortunate header into the grotesque. There is in this lapse something specifically Swedish.

It may well be that you leave the Town Hall in vexation at these damaging eccentricities which have crept into so noble a building. Your vexation will, however, be short-lived if you tumble quickly upon the beautiful and austere work of art which dominates the adjoining lakeside garden. This is the portrait of August Strindberg, sculptured in the nude, occupying the place of honor in a group of statues of the

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great figures of Swedish literature. Seldom has a sculptor discovered a more revealing pose for his model. Strindberg stands erect to the shoulders; head and shoulders stoop slightly; the hands clutch at the breast; the eyes seem to be gazing inward. The statue seems to say: 'I threw every garment to the wind, for I needed to roam and run through the universe; but I learned that motion is vanity, and at last I stood still. My eyes desired to see all the visible world, to pierce all veils of convention and idealization, but at the last they were turned inward. My hands desired to grasp and hold all possessions; at the last they could but grasp and torment the body whose instruments they were.' Strindberg in the splendor of torment and the grandeur of defeat — that, too, somehow, is Sweden. A backward glance at Swedish literature will show you not a few tortured souls hurled between the conflicting ecstasies of sensuality and mystical renunciation. The first great name in Swedish literature is Saint Brigid, the second Swedenborg, the third Strindberg. Pause, then, before you identify the soul of Sweden too closely with good taste, hygiene, a heavy diet, and winter sports. There is another fact of which the better you know Sweden the more aware you may become.

Meanwhile Stockholm, on a sunny evening, is divinely fair. The blue trams glide along well-lit, luxurious streets. The white boats, in summer, carry the wealthy home to their island villas dotted along twenty miles of rocky coast, girded with rushes and crammed with feathery birch trees. Misery and destitution are nowhere seen; poverty itself is clean and dignified. Every nation has the capital it deserves. Happy the nation which deserves such a capital as Stockholm.

Upsala functions in Swedish life as a united Oxford and Windsor; indeed, the part it has played in the national politics and culture is larger than that played by Oxford and Windsor — let us throw in Cambridge as well — in our own country. The Swedish literary history of the last centuries records a pendulum-swing between the ancient and the modern capitals as the centre of ideas. Even to-day Upsala exerts an immense influence. Its Archbishop, who besides being Primate of Sweden is also *ex officio* Chancellor of the University, is, in virtue both of his position and also, in the present case, of his striking personality, one of the first figures in the country. The leader of the Conservative Party, Dr. Trygger; holds an important university post. So does the Socialist ex-Foreign Minister, whose name is so well known at Geneva — Dr. Unden.

Universities are traditionally the homes of lost causes: if *laissez faire* is a lost cause, it has still a home at Upsala. The system of education appears to be, broadly, that you pay nothing, work as much or as little as you like, stay as many years as you choose, and are under no kind of control. Students, male and female, enjoy absolute liberty of movement. They can visit each other's rooms at any hour of the day or the night; they are treated without any distinction or differentiation of age or sex. In reply to very frank inquiries I was assured that, so far from good manners or morals suffering by this liberty, a scandal of any kind was the rarest event. The only kind of control exercised over the individual student is that of his own autonomous organizations, the so-called 'Nations.' These are student clubs, in which the students from the various 'nations' or provinces of Sweden are grouped together. Some of them are several centuries old, and have beautiful clubhouses dating from Renaissance times, with dining halls

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and libraries. Though on a more modest scale, they resemble the colleges of the old English universities more nearly, perhaps, than any other institutions on the Continent. Another item of fearless liberalism — the clubhouses remain open all night as long as anybody wants to sit and work there. But apparently the homeward drift sets in toward midnight, and indulgence in late hours, being within the reach of all, holds no enticement. Upsala University is keenly and consciously independent of State interference, and perhaps the strongly marked paternalism of the Swedish State drives the University into an ever more resolute assertion and application of liberal principles. I was told that the régime of Lund University, the younger and flourishing rival of Upsala, is more or less identical.

Having imbibed from some kindly students these rudimentary notions of Swedish university life, I proceeded on my search for the soul of Sweden, boldly addressing myself to the man who makes a profession of looking after it — Archbishop Nathan Söderblom, by many considered the most significant international figure among contemporary Swedes. No placid cathedral-close atmosphere reigns in the archiepiscopal precincts. There was a bustle of secretaries, librarians, students, professors, and other visitors in the house — and on the stairs a multitude of children, ascending and descending. In the hall, at a crowded tea table, the Archbishop was discussing international politics from the standpoint of a fervent Liberal. About the soul of Sweden he was as reticent as everyone else, but what he had to say about the function of Scandinavia and the Baltic in contemporary Europe was at least an indirect contribution to my need. This function he conceives to be that of holding high the standard of electoral democracy against the encroachments of Oriental despotism. He extends warm solicitude, in particular, to the miniature Baltic states, Latvia and Esthonia. 'There,' he declared, 'is the bulwark of Western civilization. They may be rough and barbarous, these infant and ailing democracies, but the European and Christian ideal of an authority springing from within, and not imposed from without, is alive in them. It is distressing to us to see Great Britain careless of their fate.'

The Archbishop's solicitude for the border states is quite untinged by the traditional anti-Russianism of the Swedes. The fate of Russia, and of Russian Christianity in particular, is his constant preoccupation. Current Russian affairs are followed with conscientious attention in the Swedish archbishop's library, and it is largely through the indefatigable zeal of this great ecclesiastic that the movement for the reunion of Protestant and Orthodox Christianity (it is, of course, by Rome's own choice that she remains aloof) has in these years acquired force and importance.

Upsala, university town and ecclesiastical capital, reveals a passionately liberal facet of the Swedish soul.

A second visit to Upsala found the town wearing another and not less Swedish aspect. The University was celebrating its four-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary, a grand gala occasion, with royal attendance. The ceremonies lasted three days. During this time two in three of the men you met in the street were in full evening dress, with white waistcoasts and ties. The undergraduates crowned this costume with round white caps; the elders mostly with top hats. Female attire was various, but uniform in dignity. The female students wore the same white caps perched on the back of their

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blonde heads. Brilliant sunshine and a large display of Swedish colors — blue and yellow — completed the scene, of which a massive fifteenth-century castle, a dominating Gothic cathedral, and a neat little town grouped round a tree-bordered river formed the stable background.

King Gustav V is, of all European monarchs, the one who is most ready to shuffle off the appurtenances of monarchy and to take his stand — on a mountain peak or a tennis court under a Southern sky — as a mortal among mortals (albeit favored mortals). So much being required of a king of Sweden in the way of dignified immobility through hours of tedious ceremonial, it is not surprising that he should feel the need of such relaxation. The Swedes do not grudge it him. They applaud him — not rapturously, but heartily. By his own troops he is saluted with three loud shouts, in accordance with German tradition, for Swedish military institutions closely correspond to the German, and the army is, by all accounts, strongly pro-German in sympathy. His demeanor is at once majestic and flexible.

The most remarkable of the many ceremonies attended by King Gustav in connection with the University Centenary was the 'Promotion,' or conferring of degrees, which took place in the Cathedral Church. For each of the faculties there was an orator, who discoursed upon the merits of the branch of study in question. Then followed a psalm appropriate to the faculty. Finally the candidates approached, and a top hat was imposed upon their heads, while simultaneously, for each one, a gun was fired outside the Cathedral. The rite was perfectly timed; exactly as the hat touched the brow of the candidate the gun was fired. The doctors of the Faculty of Philosophy, instead of a top hat, received a laurel crown. As there were several hundred candidates, and a formula of considerable length had to be read out for each one, the ceremony was a protracted one. In Sweden nothing which lasts less than four or five hours, be it an academic ceremony or a luncheon party, is taken very seriously.

Upsala University combines with a reverence for ancient formulas and ceremonial as keen as that shown by our own ancient universities the practice of a liberalism which, especially as regards the free comradeship of the sexes, our own institutions have not yet introduced. This liberalism, this formalism, are rooted in the Swedish soul.

We have now fixed some of the lineaments of the soul of Sweden — a marked national modesty, a refined taste in the appurtenances of daily life, a strong sense for ceremonial and dignified form, a latent weakness for the exuberantly gorgeous and bizarre, a sturdy, efficient liberalism, and a capacity for mystical exaltation. These traits may be further defined and a few more inserted to complete this rapid pen-sketch by a hurried observer.

The national modesty reflects an absence of preoccupation about external judgments. The Swede does not ask for praise, but he is quick to correct misestimations. He is not out to inflate his country, but, should you pass a judgment showing forgetfulness of its evident claim to consideration, he will bring the omission home to you. You must never, in recognizing Sweden's present inconspicuous part in world politics, forget that she has had her 'Great Power age,' when Swedish armies settled the fate of Europe, and might even have settled the fate of England if Charles XII had concluded a bargain for furnishing the Old Pretender with a finely



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equipped and self-confident Swedish legion. The modern Swedes feel they have got over their nationalism; it was a romance of youth which they would not have you forget they passed through with relish, but of which a repetition in the age of maturity would be undignified. 'We leave nationalism to the younger peoples which have not yet made their history,' said a Conservative deputy to me, instancing Norway and Finland as youthful countries not yet emerged from the passionate tangles proper to their age.

The refined taste first noted on observation of the harmoniously striped and colored tramcars and ferryboats of Stockholm is a marked feature in the Swede. His domestic appurtenances are delicate in shape and color; glass, pots and pans, curtains, lamps, and so forth, are of better and finer quality than anywhere else in Europe, declared a much-traveled Englishwoman who has resided in Sweden. Indeed, it is impossible to pace the streets of Stockholm — or, for that matter, to emerge from the train into the simple, spacious railway station — without being assailed by the impression of a diffused and publicly fostered good taste.

The Swede's concern for external forms is proverbial. Ceremony, rather than pomp, appeals strongly to his nature. It is typical of Sweden that her great architecture should be embodied not in churches but in castles. The beautiful royal residence of Drottningholm, a few miles outside Stockholm, shows the sense of ceremony allied with the instinct for delicate contours. With its charming eighteenth-century theatre and its nobly planned gardens, Drottningholm is surely one of the most perfect residences in Europe. On a grander scale, but free from the vice of pompousness, is the great castle of Stockholm, which, placed on an island in the Sound, dominates both sides of the city, a masterpiece of ceremonial architecture.

The Swedish Lutheran Church, unlike other national Protestant bodies, has to a great extent inherited and perpetuated the pre-Reformation ceremonial. There can never be a ritualism controversy in Sweden, for, while dogmas have waned and developed, the ritual of the High Mass — the term is used in the Swedish Church — has remained largely intact. The Swedes are an intensely ritualistic people. Their daily manners — above all, their dinner-table customs — testify to this. Nowhere else west of Turkey are the acts of introduction, greeting, and leave-taking accompanied by such elaborate, but not effusive, bowings and hand-shakings. At the dinner table a not yet extinct custom requires that no woman drink without an invitation from a man, conveyed by a lifted glass and a nod of the head. In the use of titles the Swedes are meticulous. Plain misters are practically unknown. You are a doctor, an advocate, an engineer, an over-surveyor, a director or manager of some sort; everyone who is anyone can rake up some formal claim to esteem. At the principal Stockholm club the guest-book contains a column in which, after the guest's name, his title has to be inserted. There was not an empty space in the column, except after the names of two Englishmen. The title is used in ordinary conversation, the rule being that you address your interlocutor in the third person. To ask, 'Do you like cheese?' instead of, 'Does the doctor (or lawyer, or assistant manager) like cheese?' is a solecism to be avoided.

It is not only the dinner-table ceremonial, but also the food provided, which makes Swedish meals a solemn affair. Most English people go to Sweden primed with the expectation of having more to eat than ever in their

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lives before. This expectation is generally fulfilled. After the statutory glass of schnapps has been gulped down (not — O tourist! take warning, do not make yourself a laughingstock — *not* sipped and imbibed) hors d'œuvres of noble variety and solidity are served. This is the basis of Swedish diet so far as the visitor is concerned. If wise, you will begin on the train, long before you reach Stockholm, with a selection from the tray which every now and then does the round of the carriages.

However, one word of warning must be given. It is not difficult, if penetrating into Swedish life, to be left for a day with nothing to eat at all. Here is a good rule: at whatever hour you are invited to a Swedish house, and for however many hours you are intending to remain, do not assume that food will be placed in front of you. On the other hand, never be unprepared for the eventuality that food, when you least expect it, will be produced in bewildering abundance. There is in Europe an International of stabilized mealtimes to which Sweden does not belong. In Europe, as a general rule, food is taken between twelve and one-thirty, and again between six and eight-thirty in the evening. In Sweden this usage is rivaled by another — that, namely, of eating heavily in the early morning and again between four and five. The tourist who is invited in Sweden to a house at ten in the morning may find himself still, at four o'clock, unfed. He may then be given a dinner, and on calling at a second house at seven o'clock another dinner, and at nine o'clock tea and light refreshments.

The tourist who does not succeed in penetrating Swedish life has, in Stockholm, a number of excellent restaurants where he can be sure of getting meals at the normal hour. The Cellar Restaurant below the Town Hall and Bellmann's Cellar may be mentioned among those which must not be missed. Bellmann was the satirical and lyrical song-writer of the eighteenth century. He took his tunes from France, Germany, and Italy. In the verses he immortalized the tavern life of Stockholm, and the songs are sung with zest all over Scandinavia. The Cellar Restaurant was the place where, with his boon companions, he himself made music on winter nights — and winter in Sweden is one long night, just as summer is one long day. How many Swedish contrasts are explained by this!

Bellmann's songs are hearty and cynical — with an undertone of lyrical melancholy. The Swedes are a songful race. An adequate portrait of the Swede would have to reconcile his undertone of aspiring melancholy with his solid, compact, independent, satisfied exterior.

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# AN EGYPTIAN GENTLEMAN[1]

BY E. D. GOITEIN

I WAS alone in my carriage for the first hour. The heat was stifling. I opened the window. The sand blew in and got into my eyes, down my throat, up my nose. I closed the window. Then the heat once more became overpowering. I opened the window. And the sand blew in . . . . Precisely. It was a complete circle. For the whole of that hour I was either opening the window or shutting it.

At the end of the hour the engine shrieked. Abdul Hassid, the driver, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and the train stopped. We had reached a station — Allah willing — alive.

Then I cursed myself for a fool. Here was I alone in a first-class compartment because I had taken the advice of a clerk — who had never been outside London — of a touring agency whose clientele is composed mainly of snobs. 'Englishmen, sir,' he had said, 'must travel first-class in Egypt. Yes, sir, they must.' And here was a crowd of the most interesting and unwashed Arabs imaginable flocking into the other end of the train, — wailing, pushing, yelling, talking, — to whom I could not speak, with whom I could not rub shoulders, with whom — bah! Confound the heat!

A sinister-looking cutthroat tries to sell me some liquorice water. A young man in European costume and with a horrid leer tries to sell me a *Petit Parisien* and then produces some unpleasant post cards from his inside pocket. A man sells circles of bread on a stick. The railway guard begins to shout and to scream and to slam doors — then he curses an old man who cannot climb on to the high footboard, shouts again, and the perspiration stands in great beads on his forehead or rolls down his cheeks.

My first-class carriage remains deserted. The flow of life and perspiration and smell and talk are all at the other end. Why was I such a fool? Curse that idiot clerk — bah! Confound the heat!

When the guard had ceased to curse he blew a toy trumpet, a signal that Abdul Hassid was about to resume his labors and the train to start. At the same moment the door at the end of the corridor was slammed, and a moment later, just as the train was starting, there came into my carriage a great parcel wrapped in an Arab newspaper, behind the parcel a smiling Egyptian, and behind the Egyptian — carefully attached to him — a small boy, frightened-looking, and not any too well washed.

The parcel deposited itself on the seat. A bottle of wine drawn from the pocket of the Egyptian was placed next to it, the boy was thrown carelessly at the corner, and between the wine and the boy sat the Egyptian.

'*Comment allez-vous, monsieur?*' he smiled to me, benignantly, sympathetically, just a trifle condescendingly.

'Thank you; quite well,' I, in English.

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *November* 26



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'Ah! Monsieur speaks English? It is all one thing to me. I have not speak English many years, but I over to London and I speak.'

'Really? You were in London? That is very interesting.' I looked out of the window.

'Perhaps you would care to know my name?' He took a leather wallet from his pocket and presented me with his card: 'Malik Basamairly' written in Gothic across the middle; his address was in the right-hand corner.

'I will write for you the number of my telephone. You will be pleased, perhaps, to call upon me when you are in Ca-iro.'

'That is extremely kind of you.'

'This little one,' he went on without a pause, handing me back the card with his phone number penciled upon it and pointing to the urchin who was staring at me with great open eyes — 'I picked him up on my brother-in-law's estate. He is the son of my father's sister's daughter. He is six years of the age, and is of good parentage. He talks not much because he is ashamed before strangers. My brother-in-law has five children, and one is dead. I have been married with my mistress for seven years, and she will not have children yet. And I think not it is always wise to have children. My brother-in-law is rich in cotton. He has great estates, and two hundred fellahin work for him.'

'Really?' He had paused slightly to see that his words had had the desired effect; there was nothing for me but to put in a helpful word.

'His chief steward is Khalil Ibn Khabir, and he has two wives. The two of them are good women, but he has only one son.'

When this part of his history was over he proceeded to undo the parcel.

'You will see this little one is not properly dressed. I took him away as you see him. I said to him, "Walad, will you be coming with me to Ca-iro?" "Yes," he said. Just in that way I took him up. But he is hungry it may be, so we will eat something together.'

He took out some round cake-looking rolls — very greasy — and put one on my lap, gave one to the boy, and took one for himself.

'Thanks very much — but I have only just had a very good meal. I really . . .'

I handed him back the roll. A slight frown came over his smiling face. He snatched the roll from the boy, who glared. He threw his own out of the window, and pushed mine back into the parcel. He pulled out a mass of grayish sticky paste.

'You, monsieur, will be pleased to eat this.'

I saw the danger of refusing. I saw also the angry and greedy eyes of Malik's father's sister's daughter's son. I took out a knife.

'Perhaps you will allow me to cut a piece off?'

I cut off what I considered a reasonable piece and handed back the rest to Mr. Basamairly. He took it, divided it into two. The boy made for it quickly and swallowed down large mouthfuls. He was not going to be robbed again of a tasty morsel. I ate it bravely, uncomplainingly, religiously. It was very sickly.

'That is really very good,' said I, having managed to swallow the last piece and, like my friend, having sucked each finger in turn.

'Do you like it?'

'It is very nice.'

'Boy!' he said, like a drill sergeant, and pulled the remaining piece that the child was happily sucking from its mouth. 'Please eat this, monsieur.'

'Thanks. No more. What is it called? I should like to buy some for myself when . . .'

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This was an excellent red herring.

'Halawathenay,' said he.

'I beg your pardon?'

He took out another of his cards and wrote first in Arabic and underneath it in English 'Halaut Henay.'

'Where do you buy it?'

'It is sweets for the children. At the shops for babies' foods.'

Yes. I did feel a burning sensation in my cheeks. I imagine I was meant to. The halaut episode over, he brought out some black olives. These were wrapped in the *Voice of Egypt*. I was a little troubled over the kernels — because in a first-class carriage you cannot throw such things on the floor. Curse that fool clerk! But Mr. Basamairly showed what might be done — and, after all, there is no reason why passengers should not keep the railway line well greased.

Other items in this gala feast followed rapidly. When the last course had arrived the boy curled himself up in his corner and fell fast asleep. That bottle of wine was itching to be opened. You felt its mute appeal. But is not this a Mohammedan country? Is there, perhaps, nothing but water inside? Or is it medicine? Nonsense, why should it be medicine?

'This is the first time you have come, monsieur, to visit my country?'

'Yes. I have only been here three weeks.'

'Is that the truth? Then we must drink a something to our friendship.'

Out of its paper wrapping stepped the bottle of wine. There was no glass. There is, however, a mouth to every bottle. I took a draught and he took a draught. I took another. And then he took one. So on. You understand the process? Then the bottle went out of the window, the *Voice of Egypt* crying after it.

'I was under the impression that you in Egypt — that is to say, Moslems — do not drink wine?'

'Ah! I am a modern man, and I am — Allah willing — progressive. You see, not the drinking wine is religion. But I must live in the world, in the today world. In my father's house I do not drink anything of intoxicant. For my father is of the yesterday world. It would hurt his heart me to see with the wine.'

Then he looked me up and down.

'You are thirty-five years of the age?'

'Ha!' I laughed it off. 'Not so bad as that.'

'You have a business?'

'Well. I . . . '

'How many men do you make-to-work for you? So? Then it is you win several thousand pounds — Egyptian every year?'

Within twenty minutes he knew everything about me that was to be known. No one was more amazed than I at the picture I had painted of myself. . . . I mentioned tarbooshes — quite incidentally.

'Ah! Please take mine.'

Before I knew where I was he had snatched my hat from my head and had fixed his tarboosh horizontally upon it.

'Thanks, but as a European I cannot very well wear a tarboosh — can I?' I returned it — immediately; politely, I hope, but determinedly. The look of anxiety that had crept into his eyes disappeared at once. He was clearly relieved. He placed it back again on his own head at a slightly more jaunty angle than that at which it had previously stood. Then he examined his nails, and finding they did not come up to European standards he proceeded to manicure them, and when that was done he took the fingers of the sleeping boy and manicured them. Truly they needed it. Meanwhile he said many

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wise and trite things about politics and internationalism and wireless and morals. He was well informed — he assured me — about everything. He held very distinctive views — he assured me — about all the to-day problems.

Then the engine shrieked. Abdul Hassid, our driver, wiped the perspiration from his brow. The train stopped. I had reached my station.

'Good day,' I said. 'I am very pleased to have met you.'

'Of course.' He was holding both my hands and shaking them affectionately. 'Of course you are pleased to see me. I am a perfect gentleman.'

# ON A FRUIT FARM ON THE CAPE[1]

BY MADELINE ALSTON

## I. SUMMER

We are only forty miles from Cape Town, and yet, in the mountains behind the old Dutch house, there are baboons and even leopards. The baboons occasionally raid the mealie patches and vineyards on those farms which are on the slopes, but the leopards for the most part keep to the heights. Just about once a year one gets trapped on a neighboring farm which is right under the shadow of the mountains.

Leaving Stellenbosch with its oaks and running water, you ascend Hel's Hoogte, the pass that leads to our valley, the road, cut out of the mountain-side, twisting and turning all the way and unprotected on the precipitous side, which has a terrifying effect on the nervous traveler. We have had cause to hold our breath many times, but only once has a car, to our knowledge, rolled over. At the highest point in the pass, twelve hundred feet up, you look back and see Table Mountain and the Lion's Head in the distance, then you turn round and see our valley, with the Drakenstein Mountains in the background, and, if you have any eye for scenery, you are dumb with wonder at its beauty.

The name of the valley is Banhoek, a corruption of Bange Hoek, which means 'Fearsome Corner.' In the old days, were not lions and elephants there, as well as leopards and baboons? And, if these precipitous mountains were first seen shrouded in their winter gloom, it would only need the roar of a lion to cause the traveler to draw back with a shudder. But seen now, on a summer's day, Banhoek looks anything but a 'fearsome corner.' When your eyes have taken in the beauty of those glorious blue mountains which guard the valley in horseshoe formation, you turn your gaze downward and see, first, great clumps of restful trees, — oaks, pines, and poplars, — sheltering orchards and vineyards and orange groves, which break through and also climb up the mountain-sides. Everywhere you see mathematically straight rows of well-kept fruit trees sunning themselves in the undisturbed glory of a South African day.

[1] From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly), *December*

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The stranger, straight, perhaps, from an overcrowded English city, looking down on the scene, meditates on leisure and peace, and thinks when he retires from the turmoil of city life he will buy a fruit farm in this remote valley and live at ease, letting the fruit drop into his mouth. Here, surely, is a haven of rest in which to dwell at ease, far from the madding crowd. But he gets many surprises before the day is over. He descends into the valley, orchards and tobacco fields on either side, to find among avenues of oak trees an old Dutch house modernized, with electric light, bathrooms, book-lined walls, and the ordinary amenities of modern civilized life. He admires the beautiful gable and notices the date, 1790. The old slave quarters have been converted into a garage and storehouses. The old wine cellar, also with a fine gable, is converted into a guest house. The whole family, he finds, are working in the packing shed, and not only the family, but two or three girl friends just out from home are there, spending a fruit season in South Africa and making themselves very useful. And, indeed, any visitors, whatever their rank and age, who happen to be staying are roped in. They enjoy it. Some are grading the fruit and putting it into boxes marked 1, 2, 3, and 4, according to size and quality; 1 meaning 'extra selected'; 2, 'selected'; 3, 'choice'; and 4, 'graded' — these being trade terms. The grader must not be a careless person, for he or she must examine each individual fruit and discard all that are damaged or inferior. Others are wrapping the fruit in squares of tissue paper — each square having the farm's special brand printed on it — and packing it in boxes lined with woodwool. Sometimes one wraps and another packs. The boxes are already labeled, and the different varieties of fruit have different colored cleats on the boxes, so that at the cold storage chambers at the docks the varieties can be readily distinguished, thus saving time. Everybody in the shed is happy and cheerful, and, incidentally, a great deal of fun goes on. But there is not much sign of the leisure of which the visitor dreamed.

The season opens with plums. Before living on a fruit farm a plum was merely a plum and nothing more. Now, in the light of fuller knowledge, a plum is an Apex, a Beauty, a Satsuma, a Santa Rosa, a Gaviota; and there is a big fellow from California whose name we do not whisper, even to our most intimate friends. The Apex is a delicious mouthful, but he does not travel well, and so we are cutting him out except for domestic use and local markets. Then there is a small plum called the Golden Drop, which we only keep for making jam. Golden Drop jam with its unique flavor is one of the things you miss by not living in South Africa. With the discarded Santa Rosas we make pots of delicious red jelly. The apricots ripen with the plums, and, after taking what we want for household use, we send them to the dried fruit factory at Wellington. Of course, with Santa Rosas or Satsumas to be had for the trouble of eating, — and eating a fruit bursting with wine-colored juice is distinctly a troublesome performance when, if you use knife and fork, you lose the juice, — no one would condescend to eat such a common thing as an apricot. We almost ignore him. He is for the kitchen, not for the table, except in the form of jam.

Before the plums are over, the peaches bear down upon us. What a sight the packing shed is! What a place to let a schoolboy loose in! Piles of bright red plums, piles of boxes laden with the bloom of peaches. There are thousands of peaches, but each one is separate from the others in its little nest

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of wood-wool. Each one has to be handled with reverence, for the peach is the aristocrat of the packing shed and no familiarity is permitted. Even the pressure of a finger will spoil the market value of a peach. It must be taken in the palm of the hand and delicately wrapped as one would wrap a newborn babe. Indeed, only a highborn lady, or at least *une femme bien élevée*, should be permitted to wrap a peach. Alas, that the fruit which the highborn lady — or the next best thing to her — wraps is probably eaten by some rich profiteer, for who else can afford peaches at 2*s.* 6*d.*, or even 1*s.* 6*d.*, each? I have also learned again that in South Africa a peach is not merely a peach; it is a Mayflower, a Duke of York, a Pucelle de Malînes, a Peregrine, an Inkoos.

Then there are the nectarines. They, too, assert their right to belong to the aristocracy. We call them Early Rivers and Goldmines.

After the peaches and plums — in January, that is — come the pears, and the pear, too, has its champions among those who profess to be cultivated in the things of the palate. And, indeed, it is hard to beat a Bon Chrétien. So, at least, the codlin moth thinks. That pest of the orchard we are always fighting, and every pear has to be examined with special care by the grader for fear of sending away fruit in which the moth has made a home. He is a clever creature, for he worms his way in close to the dried-up calyx and is only detected by a tiny spot of moisture or a pinprick of a hole.

Finally the season closes with the true symbol of conviviality and the shed is piled high with grapes — with Hannepoot, Gros Colman, Prune de Gazoul, Barbarrossa, Rosaki, Flaming Tokai, to name only a few. Grapes are the most laborious of all crops, for the thinning of the bunches begins in November and does not end until they are picked and finally cleaned in the packing shed in March and April. The fruit packed and the boxes nailed down, off it goes on the mule wagon or motor lorry to the station some eight miles off, to travel by train to the docks at Cape Town, where it is examined by Government experts, and put into cold storage until the ship is ready to take the consignment on board. Sometimes fruit is rejected at the docks as being over- or under-ripe or not carefully enough packed. Every year this growing South African industry is increasing in quality and bulk, and the question of shipping becomes a bigger problem.

Some fruit-growers also grow tobacco, which is considered a sure crop, but tobacco as well as fruit means a tremendous amount of labor, not always obtainable, and it is generally considered too difficult unless grown on a big enough scale to be worth while employing a qualified overseer to do nothing but tobacco.

But life on a fruit farm, even in the packing season, is not all hard work. We womenfolk take an hour or so off for an afternoon siesta. Often, too, when there is a lull, we take the car and drive to a neighbor's bathing pool for a swim. Never was there such a setting for a bathing pool. We look up into the very heart of the Banhoek Mountains, which are as blue as the sky above, and we swim under the dancing nests of the green and yellow weaver birds.

In the cool of the evening, after watching the eternal glory of the setting sun on the mountains fading into the purple of coming night, we sit on the stoop with our books and papers, and, when the daylight has faded, we turn on the electric light and read, while the young people turn on the gramophone and dance. When it is very hot, we indulge in a moonlight

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bathe or picnic. Sometimes there is a dance, and always there is tennis.

In April, when the fruit season is over, we take a holiday for a few weeks. Some of us go to the sea, Hermanus being our favorite retreat. There you get golf and good fishing off the rocks, and bathing and fine scenery. There is as yet no railway at Hermanus, which makes it difficult for the colored tripper who spoils so many beautiful places nearer Cape Town, with his trail of papers and sardine tins (not that the white tripper is much better in this respect), to reach. Sometimes we go upcountry to Johannesburg or Rhodesia, or take a sea trip to Durban or Lourenço Marques. And sometimes, perhaps every four or five years, we take a holiday overseas, for, much as one may love Africa, England pulls always. And the older one gets the more it pulls. A man does not love his mother less because he loves his wife. And, while acknowledging all that South Africa gives us, we should indeed be unworthy citizens of our Empire if we did not recognize the gifts of our great inheritance.

## II. WINTER

Our holiday over, we come back to our farms to settle down for the winter months, which pass away all too soon, for it is the winter months in which I, for one, most rejoice. Rain? Yes, it rains! We get between forty and fifty inches of rain in the space of a few months, and yet, on the whole, we get more fine days than wet — and such days! The sun shines in a blue cloudless sky, the air is washed clean of dust, the birds sing. The scented wattles are in flower, and a delicate smell of damp earth, citrus fruit, and violets pervades the air, which has just a suspicion of sharpness, just enough to make us say sometimes, 'Let's go for a walk!'

In South Africa, when it rains it rains and has done with it, not keeping on for days doing neither one thing nor the other. In our valley we always count on two days' warning, for the warmth becomes unusual, especially at night, the mountains look bluer and nearer, and our own particular old ever-green mountain wraps its head up in a white shawl of mist.

The garden, at the first suggestion of rain, bids us lay down our indoor tasks and shut up our books, however absorbing. The garden claims all our time and thought for the present, if we are to have the gay pictures we hope for when summer comes. He is an exacting lover, who does not believe in giving something for nothing, and in South Africa he soon pays back neglect by reverting to the barbarism of the wilderness, if he does n't, later on, completely dry up. So we sow our seed, put in cuttings, and do our transplanting.

To tell the truth, we are almost in despair when we begin, for, after the long dry summer and the claims of the fruit season, the garden looks very sorry for itself and seems to say: 'At last you condescend to notice me! It is indeed a marvel, after all the neglect I suffered, that I've survived at all. And all because you think the orchards are more important than the flower garden! The lust of the flesh, I call it. What *can* be more important than a lily or a rose?'

We take the reproach humbly and try to make up for our neglect, excusing ourselves by saying: 'It is indeed almost impossible to run a household of eleven or twelve people and help in the packing shed and attend to the garden at the same time, not to mention visitors and letters and sewing. Read what Emerson says on this very subject in his essay on "Domestic Life." "If the children, for example, are considered, dressed, dieted, at-

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tended, kept in proper company, schooled, and at home fostered by the parents — then does the hospitality of the house suffer; friends are less carefully bestowed, the daily table less catered. If the hours of meals are punctual, the apartments are slovenly. If the linen and hangings are clean and fine and the furniture good, the yard, the garden, the fences are neglected. If all are well attended, then must the master and the mistress be studious of particulars at the cost of their own accomplishments and growth — or persons are treated as things.'"

And the whole art of home-keeping (which includes garden-keeping) is one of selection — the most important thing at the moment is the one to do, and sometimes the most important thing is the reading of a poem or listening to a nightingale. A garden always sets one philosophizing — germination, growth, blossoming, fruition, decay: the whole of life and the meaning of it all. People who do not possess a garden to potter in and heal their hurts cannot live as completely or deeply as those who do. A wet day to the town dweller means a wet day and nothing more, unless an excuse for grumbling and an interference with plans. To the garden-lover it means growth and a vision of summer bloom. But a wet day — a real downpouring day that drenches you through in five minutes — has another significance to women who would rather be out of doors than in. It takes one by the scruff of the neck and says: 'Just sit down and answer that pile of letters and pay those bills. Then tackle the mending basket. And it would n't be a bad idea to have a look at the pantry shelves. The storeroom, too, is not just as orderly as it might be. And what about all the accumulation of newspapers?' And so, with the rain pouring down the windowpanes in streams, we ease our conscience, and then, a few of these claims settled, — for we don't wipe out domestic lapses all in one day, even a wet one, — if the rain is still splashing angrily and the wind blowing fiercely, we draw round the log fire and read and read; and especially do we enjoy the reading-aloud hours that the children claim as theirs. *The Talisman*, *Redgauntlet*, *Oliver Twist*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Cymbeline* are all associated in our minds with wind and rain and blazing logs.

Then comes tea, and we agree that we feel frowsty and we really can't stand being indoors any longer, and it is never as bad out of doors as it looks. The arum lilies in every untilled nook defy the wind and the rain. Why should n't we? Out we plunge, to splash about in puddles for an hour or two, enjoying the smell of wet earth and the wind and the rain, which is not so violent toward evening. There never was such a country for calling one out of doors. The oaks are bare, but they have hardly lost their leaves before their branches are covered with a glimmer of green. The camellia trees are in bloom, and, although the handsome flowers dislike the rain intensely, there are thousands of buds which promise us yet another month of flowering. Close by the camellia trees there is a rose-apple tree, with a fruit that tastes and smells like rose petals. The birds have ours, but the Chinese, I am told, make a delicious preserve of the fruit. Then there is an avenue of loquat trees, and the loquats are ripening. The fruit is a favorite with youth, and it has been deemed necessary to issue a mandate that not more than six must be eaten at one sitting. Thoroughly to enjoy a loquat feast, it is part of the fun to climb up and sit in the tree while you eat. The guava trees are also popular, and the guavas, too, ripen in the winter as well as the oranges.

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Orange trees are always beautiful, and while the golden fruit is still hanging on the branches the blossom of next year's oranges is scenting the air.

So we meditate as we splash home, the rain having washed away the cobwebs that gather indoors, and we think of all the pleasant things yet to be done, before the day is over. Here in this golden valley of fruit and lilies we have little cause to fret and fume, with nature showering upon us every blessing that makes for health of body and mind.

But, if winter is a time of comparative leisure for the womenfolk, giving us time to cultivate our garden and our minds, the work on the farm never ceases. There is always ploughing going on between the rows of fruit trees; and the pruning continues right through the winter — and this is skilled work. Then the soil has to be fed with lime and basic slag and chemical and stable manures. And in winter the grafting is done, for part of the interest of a fruit farm for an intelligent man is the experimenting with new varieties, eliminating by degrees the less profitable. And then all the repairing and painting and whitewashing is done in the winter, and the fruit boxes are put together for next season's fruit. But there is no rush, and even the men have leisure to read, if they want to, and to play bridge. When the days are fine we can play badminton or deck tennis, or take the car and visit friends. And some of us have wireless. But always there are the bookshelves.

# A PERUVIAN AVIATOR OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY[1]

BY F. P. FARRAR

INCREDIBLE as it may seem, the history of Peruvian aviation dates from the middle of the eighteenth century.

In theory if not in practice, a citizen of Lima anticipated in 1761 the achievements of Orville Wright one hundred and forty years later.

It is true that this descendant of Icarus never flew in actual fact; but, if we are to believe him, this was not from lack of desire, but from shortness of funds, the same obstacle which has proved the ruin of many another inventor since the dawn of time. Poverty, as he himself tells us, kept him back and robbed him of the honors which were his due. In place of the hero worship which he would have gleaned had he lived in the twentieth century, his meed was obloquy and ridicule. Instead of being acclaimed in columns of press publicity, he narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of a Lima mob.

Santiago de Cárdenas was born out of date. Not for him were the honors of a Lindbergh. His reward was to sink into an unknown grave, unhonored if not unsung. His epitaph might have been:

> The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!

'El Volador,' as he afterward contemptuously came to be known, was

[1] From the *West Coast Leader* (Lima English-language weekly); *November* 15

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born in Lima in 1726 of humble parents. On the death of his father he was sent to sea at the age of ten as cabin boy on a sailing vessel plying between Callao and Valparaiso. From his earliest days, as he tells us in his own pathetic story, he had always been more interested in flying kites than in whipping tops; and in those tedious trips along the Chilean coast he spent the little leisure which falls to a cabin boy in studying the flights of the sea birds which followed in the wake of the vessel. His seafaring days ended with the wreck of his ship in the great tidal wave which overwhelmed Callao in 1746. Thereafter he was free to follow his life's bent.

With his scanty savings Santiago de Cárdenas built himself a hut in the *quebrada* of Amancaes and devoted himself to the study of the flight of the condors, then more commonly to be seen in the neighborhood of the Cerro San Cristóbal than they are to-day. For twelve years he led a lonely, disregarded life, spending his days climbing up and down the spur of hills which stretches from Lima to the valley of Chillon, and lying naked on the rocks and feigning death to attract the attention of the *gallinazos*. His patience was rewarded. He solved, or he believed that he had solved, the mystery of flight. That was in November 1761; and his great discovery came at an opportune hour. The accursed Englishmen had recently seized the port of Egmont in the Falkland Islands and from that centre were raiding at their pleasure His Most Catholic Majesty's trading ships. Communication between the Argentine and Peru was threatened, and the mails often fell into the hands of the enemy. It was a propitious moment for de Cárdenas, and he besought an audience of the Viceroy to explain his theory and to solicit funds to build a flying machine with which he guaranteed that he would be able to carry dispatches between Lima and Buenos Aires.

The Viceroy of those days was an unusually open-minded man as viceroys go. Although his name is more commonly associated with La Perricholi than with more serious matters, Manuel de Amat y Junient had the welfare of Peru at heart, and his Court was always open to those who had new ideas to propose. He was the nearest approach to a Roy Soleil that Lima had ever known.

Amat was sufficiently interested in what de Cárdenas had to say to pass his appeal to the consideration of the Real Audiencia, who in its turn instructed Doctor Cosme Bueno, *Catedrático de Prima de Matemática* and the leading mathematician in Lima, to make a report.

In the meantime, the public had begun to take cognizance of this Bird Man who had lived all these years unnoticed in one of the folds of the Amancaes valley, less than three miles from the heart of the city. But publicity proved disastrous. Scarcely a week had elapsed since the visit to the Viceregal Palace before the rumor spread abroad that Santiago was about to make a flight from the top of Cerro San Cristóbal to the Plaza de Armas. How the report spread is uncertain; news was always winged in Lima. Santiago himself tells us that the entire population assembled on the housetops and balconies and climbed to the towers of the churches to see the strange sight. The only possible foundation for the story was that de Cárdenas had that afternoon ridden on his mule to the top of the hill, whence he was plainly visible to the crowds below. The wind was blowing strongly and ballooned out the skirts of his riding cloak in such a manner as to give the impression of wings. In-

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stantly shouts were raised: '*Ya vuela! Ya vuela!*'

Nothing happened. The innocent cause of the popular excitement rode back to the city to encounter a furious mob who insisted on a flight. 'Either you fly,' they shouted, 'or we'll stone you.' De Cárdenas had to take refuge in the Cathedral to escape the wrath of the disappointed Limeñans, from whose tender mercies he was with some difficulty rescued by a detachment of soldiers sent from the Palace. Thereafter popular enthusiasm for aviation and the aviator gradually waned, and was only kept alive through the medium of a popular song, *La Pava*, which lampooned the public authorities in so indecent a manner that the Holy Office had to forbid that it should be sung in public.

In due course Dr. Bueno made his report. It is a measured and weighty dissertation befitting a scientist of European reputation; and those who are interested in the attitude of science to aviation in the eighteenth century may read the document for themselves in the Biblioteca Nacional.

In his *Disertación sobre el Arte de Volar*, Dr. Bueno begins by giving an account of Santiago de Cárdenas, whom he describes as 'an individual of low character but of no small intelligence and skill'; and he then proceeds to deal with the subject of aviation without giving the slightest hint of the manner in which de Cárdenas proposed to fly or the theories which he had produced to support his claim that he could carry the royal mails from Lima to Buenos Aires by — to use the modern word — airplane. Indeed, it would seem that the worthy Doctor was more concerned to show his own wisdom than to set forth the case of the man upon whom he was called upon to pass judgment.

The professor divides his Dissertation into two parts. In the first, to show his open-mindedness, he weighs the reasons why man should be able to fly. We imitate the fishes in swimming under the sea, he argues; why should we not be able to compete with the birds in the realm of air? A condor's wings can sustain a weight of thirty-two pounds; cannot man invent wings capable of carrying a weight of one hundred and fifty pounds? Moreover, man has flown. In mythical times Dædalus was followed in the air by his son Icarus. More recently, there was Rigiomortano, a celebrated astronomer and Bishop of Ratisbon, who manufactured an artificial eagle, capable of carrying a man's weight, with which he carried out successful experiments in the presence of the Emperor Frederick IV. Again, in 1700, a Portuguese flew in a machine of his own invention at a height of from three to four feet above the palace grounds at Lisbon, though unfortunately he ended by falling and smashing himself and his machine. And yet again, there was Juan Bautista Dante, who flew over the town of Perugia in Italy in the fifteenth century, finally falling on the top of a church and breaking his leg. A priest, too, flew over Plasencia and was killed. All these instances, says Dr. Bueno, prove that man can fly for short distances. Why then should he be incapable of sustained flights? The answer is not very definite. But the worthy professor is satisfied that in Peru at least distance flights are physically impossible. In attempting to fly over the Andes, a man would meet his death either from asphyxiation or from cold.

Having shown so far that his mind is not biased in its attitude to aviation, Dr. Bueno proceeds to crush the poor little human fly who had dared to claim that he could outrival the birds of the air. In the first place, he un-

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masks a battery of great mathematical names to support his contention that man is physically incapable of flying, and, more important still, was never intended by the Divine Creator to fly. Father Kirke, Gaspar Scot, Tosco, Francisco Bayle, San Aubin, Leibnitz—we may know little to-day of the genius represented by these illustrious names, but they bore weight, no doubt, in the eighteenth century. Mere hallucination, is their verdict; a moral impossibility; flying in the face of Providence. 'Alfonso Borelli in his great work, *De Motu Animalium*, proves conclusively from the flight of birds the impossibility that man should fly.' It might conceivably be possible, says Dr. Bueno, to imitate the wings of a bird, but what about the tail? True, a few men have claimed short flights—or, rather, they have glided through the air. 'In this manner some have flown, or rather have fallen.' To make any further claim than that would be a mortal presumption.

Finally, the pious spirit of the age—and possibly a hint from the Holy Office—gets the better of science. First and last, it is not God's will that man should fly. That suffices.

The conclusion of the whole matter is so characteristic that it merits to be quoted in full; the more so because it anticipates some of the terrors which aviation—in war at least—has brought in its train:—

'If man had the means of daring the air, no door would be closed to concupiscence or vengeance. Homes would become the scenes of assassinations and robberies. How should we escape our enemies when day and night they would have it in their power to surprise us? To surprise would be added cruelty, and to artifice fury. What security would there be in the land, even the most sacred?

'It seems to me that if anyone should ever achieve this impossible thing, he should be cast out of the world before propagating an art so fatal and so pernicious.' There were many who in the World War might well have wished the same.

But Dr. Cosme Bueno sees no cause for alarm. 'There is no reason to fear, because God in His Wisdom has placed us in our own element and the birds in theirs, an invulnerable wall which will never be broken. Let us be content with the place which the Supreme Creator has given us and not essay foolish and impossible undertakings. Those who attempt the impossible, reveal their senselessness and their illusions.'

So Dr. Bueno; and we cannot but feel that according to his lights he was an honest if a bigoted man. But assuredly he was no prophet.

But not one whit was Santiago de Cárdenas dismayed by this most emphatic condemnation of his experiments. The war with England was causing a continuous interruption of communications with Spain and great annoyance to the public authorities. Santiago El Volador embraced the opportunity to present a second memorial to the Viceroy. It is a remarkable document for the age in which it was written, and proves that, in theory at least, he was well in advance of his times. He proposes, indeed undertakes, to do what aviators to-day are trying to do and have not yet wholly succeeded in doing—he offers to carry the mail in three days' flight from Lima to Madrid. This is his schedule:—

Lima to Porto Bello, one day.
Porto Bello to Havana, one day.
Havana to Madrid, one day.

Pathetically he confesses that this is *mucho tiempo*, but he adds: 'If I could succeed in flying like the condor at eighty leagues an hour, less than a

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day would be needed to get to Europe.'

The Viceroy Amat disappoints the hopes which we had entertained of him. Perhaps with everlasting injury to the cause of aviation in Peru, he turned the appeal down with the laconic '*No hay lugar*' which has on so many occasions been the death knell to great hopes. Had he yielded a willing ear, had he opened the regal exchequer, who may say but that the name of Santiago de Cárdenas might not have ranked with Edison and Bell and the Wright brothers in benefits to the cause of science and human progress?

Once more Santiago El Volador rises superior to discouragement. He will stand before Cæsar's Judgment Seat; he will appeal to Cæsar himself. He is not without friends who in jest or earnest are willing to support him. With better faith than faces the Pinillos and the Cornejos of to-day, there were merchants in Lima who were willing to advance money to enable him to build a machine. But no. The King of Spain must hear his cause; and there is not lacking a relative of His Catholic Majesty, the Duke of San Carlos, who promises to put the memorial in the King's own hands.

And so, patiently and in a fair clerkly hand, he proceeds to set down in writing the cause which he seeks to plead before the eyes of the distant representative of Majesty. The original manuscript may be studied in the Biblioteca Nacional, a human document written with the pen of hope and inscribed with the ink of enthusiasm. In the course of time the ink has faded to a pale brown, so faint in parts that only with much patience and some acquaintance with archaic penmanship may it be currently read. The title-page bears this inscription: —

*Nuebo sistema de Nabegar por los Aires Sacado de las Observaciones dla Naturaleza Bolatil por Santiago de Cárdenas, Natural de la Ciudad de Lima en el Peru y lo dedica a su Amada Patria en onor de su Patriotas año de 1762.*

The manuscript is illustrated with the author's own drawings, one of which shows him with the wings of a condor in his hand and the pathetic inscription:

*Ingenio possem superas volitare per arces*
*Me nisi paupertas in vita deprimeret.*

(I had the skill to fly through space, had not poverty kept me back.)

Other illustrations show condors at rest and in flight, and sections of the structure of their wings.

But it is sad to relate that, unless a great part of the manuscript is missing, — it ends abruptly at page 147, — Santiago de Cárdenas does nothing to enlighten us on the manner in which he proposed to navigate the air or the type of machine he proposed to construct. The greater part of his space is devoted to the story of his life and his studies of the flight of birds. He also deals at length, as Bueno had done, with the pros and cons of flying. But the great secret, the secret which was to have won for him the honor of the first transatlantic flight, is buried with him in the grave. The manuscript, so beautifully written on such thick handmade paper, never passed into the hands of the King of Spain. The Duke of San Carlos left Lima before *El Nuebo Sistema de Nabegar por los Aires* was completed. Perhaps it was never finished. The author himself died in 1766, and his name passed into the eternal oblivion of those who have tried and failed.

Santiago de Cárdenas is perhaps adequately summed up in the verdict of the Peruvian author of *Viaje al*

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*globo de la luna:* 'His words were better than his deeds.' It may be so. But there is this at least to be said for him — that he impressed men of his own age sufficiently to make them hear patiently what he had to say. And this too in the age of the Inquisition, when rash adventures into the realm of science were apt to be rewarded with an auto-da-fé. We who look back with the superiority of one hundred and sixty years' accumulated knowledge may afford, perhaps, to laugh at the judgments of the Cosme Buenos of the eighteenth century. But we may not wholly laugh at a Peruvian of humble origin who solemnly pledges himself in 1762 to fly from Lima to Madrid in three days. We are apt to forget that, even a few decades before Orville Wright made his first flight in 1903, men still doubted the possibility of flying. Don Ricardo Palma, who in one of his picturesque *Tradiciones* tells something of the story of Santiago El Volador, concludes by saying: 'I do not dare to offer an opinion whether aerial navigation is a paradox of half-witted people or if it is possible that man can conquer the space occupied by the birds. But I do believe that Santiago de Cárdenas was not a charlatan, but a man of conviction and of the greatest intelligence. If Santiago de Cárdenas was mad, we must agree that his madness is contagious.'

Those words were written in 1866. What wonder, then, that in 1762 there were many more who mocked? But at least it stands to the credit of that age that there were a few public-spirited men who were willing to stake their cash to promote an honest experiment.

The whole course of the world's history would have been changed had a Peruvian in 1762 proved that man can conquer the air as surely as he rules the sea. Santiago de Cárdenas died the laughingstock of his countrymen. He was a prophet without honor in his own country. But he was a true prophet.

# UNA MUCHACHITA[1]

## A COSTA RICAN STORY

BY CARMEN LYRA

We had been poling up the San Carlos about two hours when the dogs, which were following on land, began to bark furiously in a canebrake on the bank.

'A peccary,' someone suggested.

'No, that's no peccary,' said Rafael, the foreman. 'It's something else.'

One of the dogs whimpered with pain, and the animal, whatever it was, dashed off, with the pack in close pursuit. We could trace their course by the waving of the cane tops. The boat was shoved hastily to the bank, and three of the men jumped out with their rifles and plunged into the rank vegetation. The dogs were barking savagely

[1] From *Repertorio Americano* (San José Latin American weekly), *November 5*



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at an animal, evidently at bay, not far distant. Before long we heard a shot, followed by two others in quick succession, and a few minutes later the hunters returned with their prey, their faces aglow with excitement and success.

'A jaguar!' we in the boat exclaimed.

'No, only a bobcat,' someone said.

'A jaguar, all right,' shouted Rafael, who was one of the hunters, a little irritated at this belittling of his triumph. 'See his marking.'

'But it's only a kitten!' insisted my companions.

'Not so young,' another hunter objected.

Meanwhile they had thrown the wounded animal, dying but still breathing, into the bottom of the boat. Its bleeding mouth was distorted in a grimace of suffering.

'A pretty pelt,' said the lady in her affected, dogmatic voice. 'But you've shot it all to pieces. Not one of you aimed straight.'

Faint markings were visible in the soft velvet fur, like delicate silhouettes of black velvet flowers. Blood trickled from the animal's wounds as simply and naturally as little rivulets might ripple down a mossy bank.

I ventured to suggest, 'You ought to put the poor thing out of its suffering.'

A half-grown boy, with the figure of a bronze statue, seized a rifle and lifted the butt to hit the animal on the head. 'One, two, three,' he counted, laughing and showing his white teeth.

I shut my eyes and heard a dull thud. The animal did n't even moan. Meanwhile the crew were pushing the boat into the centre of the stream. When I opened my eyes, however, I found myself gazing directly into those of the jaguar cub. They stared at me with a glassy, bewildered look of uncomprehending suffering. The poor beast was panting with half-opened mouth. Evidently the lad's blow had not done its work.

'That animal's thirsty,' I said, hoping some of those nearest it would give it water. None of them paid any attention, so absorbed were they in relating and listening to the details of the hunt. But Eva, the little girl who had been seated up at the bow, silent and solitary, and whom no one seemed to notice, hastened to dip up a little water in the cup of her hand to moisten the jaws of the dying creature. It was the first time I had noticed the child enough to identify her, although she had been around all the week I had been visiting the ranch. During the rest of the trip she stayed by the animal's side giving it water.

We stood around the fire in the foreman's cabin, drying our clothes. A torrential rain was falling in solid streams that seemed to enclose us with a forest of fluid trunks and branches. Through the crevices between the posts that formed the walls of the cabin we caught flashes of lightning, and the steady roar of the San Carlos, now rising to the flood, was audible a few yards from the door above the heavy drumming of the rain.

The hunters seemed never to tire of talking about their morning's adventure with the jaguar. Their constant harping on the subject wearied me excessively. The wood crackled on the hearth, and the flames filled the cabin with dancing lights and shadows. Gradually I fell into a half-doze, and the conversation seemed to die away into a distant murmur. I could still see the glassy eyes of the jaguar cub in its death agony. Under my half-closed lids the faces of those around me seemed to transform themselves into those of animals — the peasants' into those of the little beasts of the forest, such as wood rats, rabbits, and squir-

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rels, and those of the city people into those of domestic animals, such as dogs, cats, and chickens. The lady's son-in-law, for example, a fellow in the fifties, but well preserved, reminded me of an old lady's cat, surfeited on milk soup, around whom rats and mice could play with impunity. And the old lady herself, with her futile efforts to play the *grande dame*, — to which no one here paid the slightest attention, — resembled a peacock parading before an indifferent audience of humbler barnyard fowls. Little Eva was the only one who did not seem to change in my imagination. She remained the same pathetic little creature, dark and insignificant, with silent but speaking eyes, and a certain gentle serenity and meekness in keeping with her neat but humble garb.

I had been visiting the ranch for eight days, and until this morning, when the men shot the jaguar, I had never noticed her. Until then the other ranch folks had monopolized my attention.

I was awakened early the following morning by the baying of the dogs in the forest. 'They must have started some peccaries,' Rafael remarked. The lady suggested we go hunting, and set out with her other guests and some peones, but I preferred not to join them, and stayed at the ranch house with Susa and the children. Seating myself on a stool in the kitchen, I watched the women work. Eva was kneading dough and patting it into tortillas. Susa told me the story of her life. Everyone at the ranch was evidently suffering from malaria. The children were pale and wizened like little old men, with distended paunches and rickety legs. Susa described their life as a very hard one. The lady spent most of her time in San José, and all that she cared for on the ranch was fattening the pigs and cattle — she took no interest whatever in her peones. Susa did not complain, however, about either poverty or ill-health. The tale of her meagre life ran on in an impassive, resigned monotone, as she ground corn meal in a hand mill.

'And Eva?' I asked.

'She was fifteen years old last Candlemas. She's not our daughter. We've been married only ten years, and Antonio is our oldest boy. She's an orphan, but she's never made any trouble. She's as good as an extra maid. She does all the washing, milks three cows, and helps look after the pigs — two hundred of them.'

'Does she ever go down to the port?'

'Our children do. Probably once a year. Eva has never been even to Florencia, the nearest village. She was born here on the banks of the river, and has spent her fifteen years here.'

While we were talking the child gave no sign that she overheard our conversation, but kept on steadily at her task. I now recalled that I had never heard her speak in my presence.

That afternoon, when the worst heat of the day was over, I saw Eva take her tub and go toward the river. A little later I followed her. She had placed her tub on the little float that served as a dock, under the shadow of an ancient tree that sheltered the landing, and had just finished washing a few garments. A dilapidated old straw hat was perched upon her head. Her work over, she seated herself at the foot of the tree with her feet in the water, gazing across the stream. There she sat motionless until I grew tired of watching, and I was about to interrupt her meditation when I caught faintly in the distance the sound of a guitar, accompanied by a man's voice. A moment later two canoes, bound upstream, rounded the bend. One of them was poled by women, whose gayly

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colored dresses made a bright note against the green background of the farther bank. As soon as they saw Eva they began to shout. The child rose to her feet with a startled air.

I now approached and said, 'They look as if they were going on a party.'

The girl stared at me without a word.

Then I asked, 'Do you know, Eva, what they are celebrating?'

She answered in an unusually soft, childlike voice, 'Yes, they are going for the service at Juan Canario.'

'What service?'

'San José's, for to-morrow is Saint Joseph's saint day.'

'A service with guitars?'

'Yes.'

'Where is Juan Canario?'

'That high house next to Verraco's.'

'And who are those people?'

'Well, there goes the praying man, and there go the musicians, the Quesadas.'

'And you are n't going, Eva?'

'No, only Felipe.'

'Why don't you go?'

'*Quién sabe?*'

'Would you like to go?'

'*Quién sabe?*'

By this time the canoes were out of sight. The laughter, the music, and the colors had vanished, leaving the river even lonelier than before.

'Would n't you like to go away sometimes, Eva, and see Florencia, and Villa Quesada, and Grecia?'

'I don't know.'

'Are you happy here, my child?'

She looked at me with big, wide-open eyes, picked up her tub, and started back to the house without a word.

It was a pleasant afternoon without a shower, which was unusual even in the summer at the ranch. The setting sun flooded the house with yellow light. We guests went to see the pigs fed. Eva stood on a fallen trunk tearing bananas from a bunch and throwing them at the voracious animals, which shoved and trod upon each other in greedy eagerness to get them. There she stood, silent and serious, tiny and frail. The breeze fluttered lightly her dark skirt, whose long folds touched her bare feet. Her unbound hair fell over her shoulders in a straight, severe line of solid black. As soon as she had finished her task she hastened back to help serve supper. Later she washed the dishes, swept the kitchen, and finally sat down to rest on a bench by the kitchen door, her eyes wandering toward the river, where the moonlight was silvering the water through the trees.

Rafael stepped out, sniffed the air, looked up at the sky, and said, 'I don't believe it will rain to-morrow.' An elderly carpenter who had come to make some repairs on the house pointed to the moon with a 'Hum-mm!' and answered: 'She's got a ring up there. It looks as if she were full of water.'

Most of the party, fatigued by their day in the woods, went to bed, but I sat up in the corridor listening to the chirping of the crickets and watching the silent river. When I finally did retire, toward ten o'clock, Eva was still sitting on the bench at the kitchen door, with the heads of two sleeping children in her lap.

The lady said, in her peremptory way: 'Susa, I'm going to take Eva with me to-morrow. My daughter needs a maid, and I must have a reliable girl.'

I confess a suppressed antipathy for my hostess, whose wealth made her capricious and exacting, who trod upon the poor as callously as she did upon the tiles of the pavement — this high lady with a coat of arms and an ancestral tree, with a hairy lip and masculine voice, who rode over her ranches in tall boots and riding breeches, who

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mounted a horse without assistance, who vaulted streams and galloped along forest trails as indifferently as a man.

Eva stared at her mistress without comprehending. Susa turned to the child with a smile of affected gratification, and asked, 'Don't you want to go, Eva?'

'It's not a question of wanting to or not,' interrupted the lady. 'She's going with me.' Then, turning to us, she added in a more civil voice: 'What better could the girl want — to get away from this dull place to where there is something doing, to see the world, to know San José, to earn some money?'

I said, as reassuringly as I could: 'Yes, Eva, you can't imagine how nice it will be where you're going. San José, with the National Theatre like the Opéra in Paris, where there are elegantly gowned ladies, Sunday concerts, cinemas, jazz, Mass at ten and at twelve every day besides Sundays. Don't miss the chance.'

With a servile, propitiatory air, Rafael put in his word: 'Yes, indeed, what better could you want, Eva? Susa has never been even to Grecia. I wish it were me, Eva.'

That night I could not sleep. The bats hanging on the rafters worried me. I seemed to see moving shadows everywhere. Then I was aware of someone sobbing. I half rose and listened intently. The sound came from the corner where Eva slept.

The next morning we rose at dawn in order to get an early start, before the sun grew hot. The first carmine flush of day shot across the river just as our little flotilla, consisting of a rowboat and two canoes, pushed off from the landing. Dew showered down from the branches, birds circled upward into the sunlight, and a low rumor of awakening wild life stirred the forest.

The lady ordered Eva to come with her in the boat. The little girl seated herself as usual at the bow. I noticed that she had put on her best dress — a long, chocolate-colored skirt and a bright salmon waist — and wore her dilapidated little straw hat. Her few meagre effects were done up in a kerchief. Seldom have I beheld a more pathetic little figure. All her soul seemed to be concentrated in her eyes, which stared around her with a sort of wild anxiety.

Susa and the children stood on the bank, the little ones clinging to their mother's skirt, watching motionless our departure, and the thatch roof of the cabin was dimly visible in the shade of the breadfruit trees.

Upstream, upstream!

On either hand slowly unrolled the monotonous but ever-varied vegetation of the river bank — reeds, canebrakes, marsh trees around which hovered clouds of golden, downy, wind-wafted seeds like bees flying about a hive, an occasional bronze tree-trunk looking like the bare torso of an Indian and appropriately called by the natives *indio pelao*, high clusters of parasitic vines glowing with yellow blossoms resembling golden domes thrust through the forest verdure. Silvery fish darted through the clear waters ahead with flashes hardly to be distinguished from the rippling reflection of the sunlight on the surface, while clouds of white and colored butterflies rose seemingly from nowhere as we approached.

Ah, that child! The magnificence of her mistress's palatial residence in San José made no impression upon her. Her heart clung obstinately to Susa and the children, to the river so gentle and silent in the summer, so wild and savage in the winter, to the cabin in the shade of the four breadfruit trees, to

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the herds of Nicaraguan cattle plunging down the banks to the ford, to the dirty, grunting pigs, to the cornfields rippling in the wind. Nothing could drive these from her mind — neither luxurious furniture, nor gorgeous draperies, nor damask cushions, nor Oriental rugs, nor mosaic corridors, nor genuine Gobelin tapestries brought by the lady's grandfather from Europe, nor statues, nor Oriental idols, nor the rare books in the library, nor the miniatures, nor all the chatter she heard about art and science and European politics. Neither did San José, with its crowds of busy people, its tramways and automobiles, its parks and concerts, its churches and Masses, distract her thoughts for an instant from her humble home. It proved impossible to make her wear shoes and city clothing. All the arguments and orders of the lady proved powerless against the child's mute resistance. She moved around the house like a shadow — silent but wary, retiring, self-effacing, but ever suspiciously on the defensive.

Some four months later, when I was making a casual call, the lady said, 'Would you mind coming with me?' and led me through the house to the servants' rooms. There on a white little bed, in a tiny chamber incomparably cleaner and more cheerful than the dark and dirty corner where she used to sleep in the cabin at San Carlos, lay Eva. The lady, although she was utterly indifferent to the condition of her ranch laborers, prided herself upon keeping a model establishment in the city. The girl was still wearing the chocolate skirt and salmon waist in which she had arrived; her tiny bundle of clothing was at her side; her shabby straw hat lay next to her on the bed. The lady had never been able to separate her from these humble treasures; she insisted on keeping them in sight.

The child's face showed a greenish pallor, her eyes were sunken, and her whole body seemed to droop with a sort of despondent weariness. When we entered she did not open her eyes or make the slightest movement. I spoke to her: 'Eva, my child.'

She did not answer, but her eyelids trembled and two tears rolled down her cheeks.

'Do you want to go back to San Carlos and see Susa and the children and the river?'

Her eyes now opened wide and gazed at me full of hope.

I talked with the doctor, an intelligent old gentleman, and explained to him the whole situation as I understood it. He said, 'Send her home.'

So it was decided. Rafael came for her, and I saw them leave one morning. She followed him wearing her long chocolate skirt, salmon waist, and pathetic shabby little straw hat. They set out at a rapid pace, regardless of her weak condition. The hem of her long, ill-fitting skirt flapped around her bare ankles as she walked. They turned a corner, and I reflected that I should never see her again.

Later the lady told me, with an expression of contemptuous irritation on her face, that they had left without saying good-bye to anyone in the house. The maid who was just then serving tea — likewise a peasant woman, but one who prided herself upon her city experience — added, 'Poor country trash!'

The lady continued: 'These people are just like animals. They have no sense of gratitude.' Then, dismissing the subject with a scornful gesture, she began to talk about really important things — her trip to Spain, her audience with the Holy Father, the angels that support the *bénitier* in St. Peter's Church, and how she had sold her lands on Salinas Bay to the Yankees.

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# A GREAT FRENCH CRITIC[1]

BY SIR EDMUND GOSSE

THERE can be no question, I think, that at the present moment Monsieur Paul Souday is the most influential of living French critics. No one else covers so wide a ground or speaks with so much authority. He continues — and he is almost alone in continuing — the great tradition of a former generation, of such critics as Jules Lemaître, Faguet, and Remy de Gourmont. Much recent French criticism, especially since the war, has wandered off into metaphysics, or has developed along sectarian and eclectic lines. M. Souday has preserved the broader attitude. His knowledge is immense, his sympathies vivacious, and his convictions soundly based. He has his preferences, and he does not conceal them; in fact, he displays them in defiant repetition, and everyone who reads his weekly articles in *Le Temps* is aware, is even forced to be aware, of what he loves and what he hates.

M. Souday has always shown a remarkable vigilance in his survey of the literary horizon. No one is prompter to welcome a veritable rising talent, and no one keener in expressing distrust of what is merely fantastic and showy. But he returns to his particular favorites among the old and the new, and he has the experienced vision which enables every sound critic to take in at once both the background and the foreground of literature. M. Souday is a fighter, and his enthusiasm assumes formidable proportions when it is opposed by what he considers ignorance or false taste. Consequently in his pages the reader, and particularly the foreign reader, is delighted to find the most salient phenomena of literary discussion analyzed by a pen which is perfectly certain of itself, defiant of contradiction, and based on a solid foundation of experience and knowledge.

M. Souday has been the steady, though never blind, advocate of Gobineau, Stendhal, and Barrès, and there is no question that his fervent and constant support has added very conspicuously to the attention now paid to these dead authors in France. But he has no reluctance in speaking with equal authority of the living or the most recent. In the three little rose-covered volumes which he has just published he collects his views regarding the three exponents of pure literature whose writings have been most assiduously scrutinized in Paris since the war. No student of the current literature of France can afford to neglect his sprightly and tenacious examination of Marcel Proust, André Gide, and Paul Valéry.

The procedure adopted by M. Souday on the present occasion is effective, and, I think, original. It could be practised only by a critic perpetually on the watch for signal merit, and quite confident in his own manner of welcoming it. M. Souday has observed the three eminent writers with whom he deals since their earliest appearance, and he has welcomed book after book as it

[1] From the *Sunday Times* (London pro-French Sunday paper), *November* 13



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came from their pens. In these little volumes he reprints the successive estimates which he originally published in *Le Temps*, and the result is very interesting. Instead of a general estimate of a mature talent, we have a sort of cinematograph of the progress of it, noted from stage to stage.

Before examining further the results of this running observation, I would draw attention to the temper of the critic himself toward his immediate contemporaries. He is entirely disinterested, with — as we say — no axe to grind, exclusively and passionately intent on the pure service of literature. This is an experience not so frequent to-day that we can afford to overlook it. The verdicts of M. Souday seem sometimes impatient; even truculent and rough, but they are always sincere, and they will always be found consistent with the principles with which a constant reader of M. Souday's criticism soon learns to be familiar.

The development of an appreciation is curiously marked in the case of Proust. M. Souday called attention to that author, then only known as the translator of Ruskin, when *Du côté de chez Swann* was first published. Like other extremely original and unprecedented efforts, the mannerism of Proust — the very aspect of his crowded pages — repelled conventional readers. But now that *À la recherche du temps perdu* has not merely become famous, but is approached in a spirit of extravagant and uncritical idolatry, it is very interesting to read what M. Souday said about it on December 10, 1913. He reprints without alteration what he then expressed, and he continues with his successive articles, gradually exhibiting more and more clearly what Proust intended and what he stands for.

But the first impression, the outline of 1913, remains unchanged, and as we read on, and pass into the time when Proust became the object of furious hyperbole, we see how completely M. Souday keeps his head, even when the tribe of idolaters attributes to the biographer of Albertine 'the culture of Goethe applied to the style of Stendhal.' The careful reader will note that in his earliest notice of Proust M. Souday called that novelist's attention to his many grammatical errors. Nowadays the uncompromising admirers declare that there are no solecisms of any kind in Proust. His biographer, M. Pierre-Quint, asserts that '*les phrases de Proust sont toujours correctes.*' At the beginning M. Souday showed, without acerbity, that they are often, on the contrary, extremely incorrect. He quietly repeats the remark to-day, with a crowd of instances.

The critic has a more difficult task before him when he attempts to give a general view of M. André Gide. Readers of this page will perhaps remember that I have frequently drawn attention to the work of that author, whom, not without obvious reserves, I still consider one of the most interesting now at work in Europe. M. Gide's literary career began with the publication of the *Cahiers d'André Walter* in 1891, so that he has been before the public for thirty-six years. This is a period, it may be said, more than long enough for critical opinion to have become crystallized. But M. Gide is not as other authors, and I am pleased to discover that M. Souday himself finds it difficult to define a talent so protean and so illusive. He starts by reprinting — as I find by collation — the whole of a study of M. Gide's earlier writings which M. Souday published in his volume, *Les Livres du temps*, in 1913. This essay describes in order everything down to *Le Retour de l'enfant prodigue*, and is, on the whole, highly appreciative. We then meet, in the new volume, with succes-

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sive installments, as in the case of Proust, and M. Souday's admiration of M. Gide becomes tempered by clear and even violent passages of disapproval.

In discussing this very remarkable writer, M. Souday makes repeated use of the word 'clandestine.' The fact is that it is impossible to follow the sinuous mind of M. Gide without wondering what is his object and what it is which he conceals. His early writings seemed to indicate that he was a satirist, whose ideas of a moral order had been warped by an imperfect study of Nietzsche. What else could be made of such a topsy-turvy excursion into ethics as *L'Immoraliste* than to conceive it a stealthy attack upon the first principles of society? The phenomenon was repeated, with fresh mystification, in *Les Nourritures terrestres* (which M. Souday likes better than I do, while, on the other hand, I greatly enjoy the humor of *Paludes*, which M. Souday does not appreciate). Then come, in 1902, *La Porte étroite*, which no doubt remains the most popular of M. Gide's writings, and by this time the object of his secrecy, his 'clandestine' effort, began to transpire.

Nowhere is M. Souday more agile and amusing than in his analysis of M. Gide's successive publications. He has come in process of time to dislike that excess of irony which has made the most elaborate inventions of the author of *Les Caves du Vatican* seem nothing better than derisive satires. For M. Gide's latest works — which, indeed, have given not a little excuse for offense — M. Souday expresses a distaste which most early admirers of M. Gide must share. To a certain type of French critic the man who could publish *Les faux monnayeurs* must be a wizard and perhaps a demoniac. Doubtless it would be wise, in the presence of so strange and multiform a talent as that of M. André Gide's, to reserve our opinion, and I am not sure that even M. Souday has quite solved the problem. Under an exterior of the gentlest sophistry, M. Gide conceals an iron obstinacy. He has formed — we may not perceive it in the pages of his earliest and most inoffensive productions — a conviction that the time has come to replace our old conventional morality by a new system. His enemies accuse him of complacency to crime, but in truth he is consistently indulgent to the criminal because he puts pity and the spontaneity of impulse above, and in the place of, all recognized moral discipline. M. Gide has grown up under the upas-shadow of Dostoevskii, whose poison — if poison it be — has soaked into his very marrow. It is an infatuation which, in the interests of literature, I confess that I greatly deplore.

Nowhere is M. Souday more attractive than when he is writing about the poets, among whom, both ancient and modern, he has his favorites and his aversions. In an essay not reprinted in the volume before me he has said: —

*Je n'aurai pas complètement perdu ma vie, ayant été l'admirateur et l'ami de Moréas dans ma jeunesse, et de Valéry dans mon âge mûr. Comment pourrait-on vivre sans poètes? D'en voir encore surgir un de cette taille parmi les jeunes, c'est ce que je souhaite pour ma vieillesse.*

The reputation of M. Paul Valéry, which has recently, and almost suddenly, soared into a magnitude that makes one fear for a reaction, is largely due to the support given to it by M. Souday. M. Valéry, who has been quite lately among us here in London, charming everyone by his suavity, is a difficult writer, who needs an interpreter. His career has been a strange one. He was born at Cette, on the shores of the Mediterranean, in 1872,

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but came up to Paris as a youth, and composed 'for his friends' a certain number of poems, among which were *Narcisse parle* and some very cryptic sonnets. It is useless to deny that the influence of Mallarmé was evident in these verses, which were only privately, or furtively, printed. Then M. Valéry appeared to abandon poetry altogether in favor of a very abstruse philosophical prose, until after the war, when he appeared again as a poet with an extraordinary elegy or reverie called *La jeune parque*, in five hundred lines, which remains the best-known and most intelligible of his rare and extremely cryptic poems. It was immediately seized upon by M. Souday, and pushed up into the blaze of publicity; and this analysis in *Le Temps* was the beginning of Valéry's celebrity. It may be said, without exaggeration, that it has already landed him in the French Academy.

The advent of M. Valéry, whose verses are eminent for their extreme delicacy of structure, and for their combination of verbal melody with abstruse and speculative thought, was auspicious at a moment when French prosody, tired of the emptiness and the cacophony of many vain experiments, was turning back to a study of the traditions of poetry. The verse of M. Valéry is at once purely æsthetic and purely psychological; it is really the ideal of that *poésie pure* about which the literary press of Paris, stirred by the reverberating eloquence of the Abbé Bremond, has been of late so vociferous. But M. Souday will have none of the Abbé Bremond, whom, indeed, he pursues with almost vindictive irony, mainly because that enthusiastic academician conceives a poetry consisting entirely in words, without thought, while to M. Souday verse must be philosophical in essence, and charged with original reflection, however brilliantly presented in an envelope of melody. M. Paul Valéry, as the most intellectual and yet the most melodious of French poets, delights the critic by his combination of subtlety and music. He has '*l'esprit lucide, la vision aiguë, l'expression nette, dense et concise. Je sais que beaucoup de lecteurs le trouveront obscur. Mais beaucoup aussi ont le mal de montagnes.*' This is an amusing apology for an author who certainly does not write that those who run may read.

These three little red volumes will need, in due time, to be expanded, since the subjects treated in them are far from being exhausted. MM. Gide and Valéry will undoubtedly explore fresh fields, while even Proust, though dead, yet speaketh. I look forward with curiosity to what M. Souday will say to us when he receives the conclusion of the masterpiece which, as I understand, trembles upon the verge of publication. Marcel Proust left, at his death, eleven volumes of manuscript, of which two are yet to appear. These will be presented as *Le Temps retrouvé*, in which Saint-Loup will marry Gilberte, and the other characters be duly wound up. I hope M. Souday will give us, when those volumes reach him, a general analysis in detail of the whole *À la recherche du temps perdu*.

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# PROUST'S LAST VOLUME [1]

BY PAUL SOUDAY

MARCEL PROUST'S great novel, complete in eight volumes that run to sixteen books in the definitive edition, is at an end, and the record of *Jean Christophe* is shattered. We all remember that in November 1913 Grasset published *Du côté de chez Swann*, which I reviewed in this very place on the tenth of December, only a few days after receiving the book. Nowadays bibliophiles vie with one another to procure this edition, for it has become a rare curiosity. I have kept my own copy religiously, and it proves, at least to myself, that even then I considered Proust important, in case the article I wrote does not furnish the public with sufficient proof of that fact.

The war retarded his work, and his second volume, *À l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*, did not appear till 1919. It was awarded the Goncourt Prize, to the accompaniment of a great ballyhoo and considerable excitement in the press. Proust was impaled. He had changed his publisher, having moved to the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, where he joined Gide and Valéry. *Le Côté des Guermantes* and *Sodome et Gomorrhe* followed in rapid succession. In November 1922 poor Marcel died at the age of fifty-one, having been born on the tenth of July, 1871.

These are the official dates given in *Hommage à Marcel Proust*, whence it follows that he must have lost a year somewhere, since the same book says he was forty-seven when he won the Goncourt Prize. This is an innocent piece of coquettishness and a legitimate defense, since certain critics had accused him of having been fifty years old at the time the Prize was awarded, and therefore of being ineligible to receive it. Until the time of his death he looked youthful, and since that fatal date three posthumous volumes have appeared — *La Prisonnière*, *Albertine disparue*, and *Le Temps retrouvé*. The vast cycle at last comes to a conclusion.

*La Prisonnière*, which hardly suffered at all as a result of its author's premature demise, contains some of his finest work. Probably everyone knows that he was accustomed to write a first draft, which he would later revise, adding new touches and new flashes of beauty. Unquestionably he put many of these finishing touches into *La Prisonnière*. He seems, however, to have had less time to revise *Albertine disparue*, which suffered the fate of an orphan child. As for *Le Temps retrouvé*, one must read it, of course, if only to find out how the story ends. It contains not only the tempo, but the salient traits and spiritual forces, that dominated the fourteen preceding books — in short, Proust's own personality, with all his defects, though without all his qualities. As it stands it is rather a jumble, and had he lived he would certainly have improved it considerably. It does, however, throw light on his ideas and on his turn of mind, even though it does not provide appropriate material from which we can form a fair estimate of his talent.

[1] From *Le Temps* (Paris semiofficial opportunist daily), *November* 17



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Of course, it is full of bad French and bad grammar, but we are used to these faults, many of which he might have corrected. It always surprises me that such an artistic, well-grounded author, one who was a great writer at times, should never have deigned to learn grammar, or have felt that purity was as important in literature as in painting, or have understood that sloppiness detracts seriously from masterpieces that are remarkable in other ways. I can understand this perverted desire for ugliness among ignorant and presumptuous beginners, but in a Proust I find it hard to account for. It was up to him to arrange for the necessary improvements. At least he might have had his proofs corrected by some skilled grammarian.

A more important fault, however, which no assistant could have redressed, is the frightful tangle of innumerable, inextricable phrases. Did he really have so many things to say? Yes, that was his excuse. But other writers before him, writers who had no less to say, were able to express themselves in clearer and more orderly fashion. Some parts of *Le Temps retrouvé* are so tough that they will repel many readers.

From every point of view, the first of the two volumes in *Le Temps retrouvé* is rather weak. We are in 1916. Proust returns to Paris, having spent several years in a health resort, and he paints a picture of war-time Paris, which he compares to Paris under the Supreme Council in 1795. Here is an inaccurate cliché. I, like Proust, was in Paris during the war, and, though I was not alive in 1795, — nor was Proust, either, for that matter, — I should never compare the two periods. In any case, between 1914 and 1918 there were no riots, no coup d'état, and no eighteenth Brumaire.

The characters in the other volumes reappear. Robert de Saint-Loup has joined the service again. He is at the front, where he conducts himself bravely, praises the heroism of the poilus in his letters, and will eventually be killed by the enemy. He is the most sympathetic character. His patriotism and his courage do not prevent him from still admiring Wagner and Schumann, — a perfect touch, — nor from still indulging in the same vices that his uncle, M. de Charlus, practises. This is not so perfect, although Proust attempts to persuade us that it is a matter of no consequence. In any case, Saint-Loup possesses many better qualities.

The Marquise de Saint-Loup, née Gilberte Swann, saves her chateau at Tansonville, and only loses her husband. She cherishes a few pro-German opinions. The violinist Morel, so dear to M. de Charlus, deserts and joins a press bureau. This is a fundamental inconsistency and a complete negation of what has gone before, and I hold Proust accountable for it. Bloch remains a chauvinist as long as he believes himself exempt, but turns antimilitarist when he sees that his advantage lies that way. And so it goes. But we find ourselves involved in petty details and irrelevant notions unworthy of the pen of Marcel Proust. Someone rather less capable than André Monnier would have been quite sufficient to the task, and the unimportant newspapers of that time were steeped with just this kind of thing. Proust does not even spare us the opinions and conversations of kitchen-maids and hotel keepers. He dwells almost as much over office chit-chat as he does over the gossip of society. On top of this, the only difference between the two is their form, and for that alone are they of value. A good half of the first book of this final volume strikes me as insipid.

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This statement includes the opinions of M. de Charlus, who, though a representative of the oldest French nobility, is pro-German and a defeatist. He is related to the royal house of Bavaria, which makes him a distant cousin of the Emperor Francis Joseph, whom he reproaches for having had anything to do with William II — a mere rustic parvenu, who actually thought himself intelligent. This, however, is no real reason, and people occupying far higher places in the world than M. de Charlus, and related to just the same people, did not suffer a patriotic relapse. But common sense was never the noble baron's strong card. His generally nonconformist tendencies stimulate him to admire Imperial Germany and to lose confidence in French democracy. In short, apart from his morals, which are a matter of no importance to Marcel Proust anyway, M. de Charlus personifies the spirit of contradiction. He has no patriotic fibre, and we even discover that he actually likes to be beaten.

We all know people whose antidemocratic prejudices prevented them from believing in victory. Furthermore, certain patriots put forth absurdly childish arguments, and were hypnotized by the political situation into drawing preposterous conclusions on artistic and philosophical matters, condemning the very kind of militarism and nationalism among the Germans that they had fomented at home, much less successfully.

Such absurdities, peculiar only to individuals, cannot be applied to our nation at large, and they do not disprove the justice of the French cause. Proust seems to admit, through the medium of Charlus, that the question could not be decided or impartially discussed, that it was natural for Germany to believe herself in the right, and that every normal person is for his own country, and that that is all there is to it. This lazy skepticism and this inept objectivity are typical of what Proudhon calls the feminine spirit that many men, and not only the abnormal ones, exemplify. Upon mature reflection I confess that this spirit fills me with the same kind of repugnance I feel toward grammatical and orthographic solecisms, or any other lack of spontaneity and pure instinct. It amounts, in short, to pure capriciousness.

M. de Charlus and Proust share certain bizarre traits. On the one hand, the baron rails against people who do not understand the strength of Germany as thoroughly as he does and who believe that she can be conquered. On the other hand, he extends his sympathy to that country because he always takes the side of the weak and vanquished. It would be impossible to contradict one's self more flagrantly. Finally, M. de Charlus likes weaklings because he is good and considers them more amenable to pity, and therefore morally superior to the so-called honest people. On this point Proust quotes Dostoevskii, whose decadent theories appeal to him. Yet he admits that the crimes committed by the Germans in 1914 did not reveal any particular goodness in those who perpetrated them.

No trait that Marcel Proust has depicted in M. de Charlus seems to me more wicked and despicable than this one. The baron's worship of Dostoevskii, his admiration for weakness and humiliation, which are nothing more or less than masochism, have been established almost too clearly in the second half of the first book of this final volume, and this section alone will assure the work of sufficient success, though Proust himself was never more futile than in his opinions of the war. The most commonplace character in a scandalous novel could not equal him.

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There is no need for me to describe Jupien's resort that M. de Charlus used to frequent, nor the kind of entertainment he found there. There are specialists in this form of literature, disciples of the Marquis de Sade, and their activities are generally carried on under cover. But in spite of everything, Proust cannot rival their crudeness, and I cannot see that he has embellished — for that would be difficult — or refreshed the subject in any way. Why are these details necessary? For our part, we should have at least demanded the arrest of M. de Charlus, not by a vice squad, but on account of his shameful defeatism that only manifests itself vaguely in conversation. The same fate should have been meted out with a vengeance to the violinist Morel, though in his case it was more merited, since he was a deserter. All this lovely world of M. de Charlus soon suffered a moral collapse, and the whole episode does not warrant more than a few lines.

The third chapter, which opens in the final pages of the first book and fills the entire second book, is entitled 'A Morning with the Princess de Guermantes' (*Matinée chez la princesse de Guermantes*), and nearly half of it is devoted to a course in æsthetics. This is the most interesting part of the book, but its uneven style makes it hard reading.

At the beginning of *Le Temps retrouvé* Proust wrote a parody of the *Journal des Goncourts*. Here he intended to demonstrate the vanity of all literature, but the task was really too much for him, in spite of his skill at pastiche, and it was doubly ineffective because he put his case too strongly. It was not that this journal represented to him the whole art of literature, or even the whole art of the authors of *Madame Gervaisais* and of *Manette Salomon*. Because of the shortcomings of the Goncourts, whose prize had aided him in his career, Proust could not for a time quite gain a full understanding of literature, and believed that, either because of his own shortcomings or because of the shortcomings of literature itself, he had no aptitude for it and could derive no pleasure from it. What a factitious and laboriously paradoxical conclusion!

But on his way to the Prince de Guermantes's hotel Marcel trips on the sidewalk and thinks that he has sprained his ankle. This historic event determines the direction of his life, and has the same importance for him that the street called Straight in Damascus had for Saint Paul, or Pascal's famous vision had for him. Joy! Tears of joy! Proust's accident is followed by a celestial revelation, which is presently confirmed by the noise of a spoon in a plate and by the feeling of a napkin with which he wipes his mouth. Saved! He no longer has any doubt about his vocation. Now he knows that he will have to consecrate himself to literature, and that there is no more sublime fate.

Do you remember the scones Marcel used to eat when he took tea in *Du côté de chez Swann?* The savor and the odor of this dainty, banal as it is, evoked his whole childhood in Combray, because he used to eat just such cakes as these when he visited his Aunt Léonie as a little child. I remember that passage, and have cited it for you here. The Goncourts would undoubtedly have made Proust forget his nourishing scone, but thanks to the sidewalk where he tripped he also feels that he is once more in Venice walking along the flagstones in the baptistery of St. Mark's. The tinkle of the spoon on the plate reminds him of the mallet of a railroad employee near Balbec, and the rough napkin brings to his recollection a towel with which he

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dried himself at this same seaside resort. His whole youth, the sea, the countryside, the budding groves, and all the rest of it! Certainty and divine happiness at last! He will be a great novelist.

Do you get the idea now? To Marcel Proust the associations of literature contain neither ideas nor images, but sensations that strike some common chord in the past or present, fragments of life that time has concealed, and glimpses of profound reality, the essence of life itself. Proust preaches an exclusively sensual form of Platonism. This is a rather unexpected variation of the doctrine of Plato himself, to whom the world of the senses was merely a vain show, and who identified ideas with pure intelligence. Proust expresses the astonishment of a Platonist who is hostile to intellectualism. This is not the least original thing about him, although this impression is, or at least once was, the fashion.

I also feel that he exhibits symptoms of a feminine æstheticism that the numerous women writers in our time corroborate. Plato's own philosophy was more virile. What is more, Proust slightly revises his principle and eventually gives the intellect a certain amount of scope, though he always champions the prime importance of the senses. To this extent he is in the Goncourt tradition, in spite of various differences between them, and in spite of his opinions of his predecessors. He attacks realism, which he identifies with the cinema, and he despises everything that goes under that head. But after all, his own predilections rest on similar grounds, and he merely gives us a kind of realism, or doubly underlined impressionism, blended into a sort of counterpoint. The basic material is the same, and one never escapes from the world of the senses.

To grasp his real significance, his true essence, a purely intellectual operation must be performed. Proust defends real art, art for art's sake, as the supreme end and most profound interpretation of reality, but his definition remains incomplete in spite of a number of amendments, and apart from the fact that by embracing the cause of æsthetic reason he takes the better side. He lived during the time of Brunetière, when this problem, which is by no means the monopoly of parliaments, had not been precisely defined. However, there are in the course of these hundred pages numerous observations and ingenious suggestions. Proust often makes mistakes, but what sensibility, what love of beauty, he possesses!

When he at last enters the salon of the Prince de Guermantes he thinks at first that he is attending a masked ball at which the guests have only disguised their heads. Eventually he perceives that they have all grown older, and that his long absence makes them appear as if they were in disguise. Here is a new discovery, showing the importance of time and the rôle that our memory plays when it identifies under a single name two people so entirely different as a young man and the older fellow he has grown into.

Is all this so very new? Must Bergson be cited as the originator of some of these comments? In themselves Proust's remarks are simple enough and lack any Bergsonian twist. Long before his day we had suspected that time was fleeting, and we had observed some functions of our memory and the practical or poetic effects of these phenomena. Proust concentrates on the social changes that result from them. He shows us grandeur in decay, various new arrivals, and fresh groupings that stupefy people who do not forget as much as some others do.

The Guermantes's prestige has de-

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clined. Nowadays the Duchess is crazy about actresses and the Duke entertains Odette, formerly Madame Swann but now the wife of old Fourcheville. The ruined Prince de Guermantes has married Madame Verdurin as his second wife, and politicians formerly in disgrace are now gladly and cordially received.

And so it goes. Proust is off on the subject of social gossip once more, and his great novel closes on one of its fundamental themes. But he again immerses us in time in its ordinary sense, although he had just been trying to free us from its yoke. Proust did not always reason perfectly, but what an artist he was!

## HAUPTMANN'S 'TILL EULENSPIEGEL' [1]

BY EMIL LUDWIG

THE hostility of the people toward the last war, which was nothing but a conflict of ministers, is best expressed by the lack of music that accompanied it. When people are intensely stirred they depict their experiences artistically and philosophically, but on this occasion no great masterpiece emerged. The only symbol that Europe discovered was the 'Unknown Soldier,' and that figure was invented by a comparatively small group of English patriots. Even in Russia, the most shattered country of all, the war brought forth no great art.

Our own land of music produced no new song — it merely disfigured one lovely old composition; and of the hundreds of war songs that appeared not one has survived. Dehmel himself, the finest poet in Germany, wrote no immortal words on the war. No artistic monument stands out; our plays are more tendentious than poetic; only Karl Kraus's poem, *Letzten Tage der Menschheit* (Last Days of Humanity), strikes a clear note of greatness. And now another masterpiece appears.

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *November* 13

If Gerhart Hauptmann did not see the scene of *Till Eulenspiegel* in the war itself but at the end of the war, he did so in obedience to his feeling for dramatic technique, which demanded that the action should take place after the conflict was over. His technique also expresses his own character, which has always revealed a preference for problematical half-heroes. Although Till was an aviation lieutenant, we never see him flying, but find him driving two spavined horses and a ramshackle wagon across the sands of North Germany between Warmbrunn and Wittenberg, and if he were not such a brilliant, steadfast, and virile character he could not stir our sympathy as he does.

But it is Germany that stirs his sympathy, the writer's sympathy, and finally the reader's as well. For this poem deals with Germany first, last, and all the time, and our ears ring with the German's old cry of lamentation at the conflict between his nature and his nation, a conflict that deepens and charifies his vision and makes him wish to strengthen his Fatherland. His

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ironical self-awareness, his desire for a brighter heaven and the fate that compels him to live under a darker one — these influences dominate his soul. Here is a thoroughly German work, untranslatable and incomprehensible to a foreigner. For the first time the experiences of the war are cast in a poetic mould and shaped into a world of their own, breathing the ancient German spirit, critical yet sentimental. Although the poet himself takes sides, his masterpiece as a whole dwells in a cloud cuckoo land of imagination and melody, where all things are possible — even reality.

The mere task of relating these eighteen adventures is no school exercise. They embrace a collection of poetic narratives in which that wise fool, that magic swindler, that noble gypsy, Till, invites his heart and soul. There might have been a few more adventures, — in any case, I should not ask for less, — but let no reader make the mistake of taking this for a novel.

Most of the woes of the strapping young aviation lieutenants who returned from the war were not caused by the idea of defeat, but rather by the scenes of carnage they had witnessed. These men either went to work in steamship offices, or, if they were not clever enough for that, entered some kind of foreign trade. But Till, who was a genius of a sort, and something of a satiric play-actor, turned gypsy and became an old-time jester with cap and bells — a veritable Eulenspiegel. Yet he always played a passive part, save when a well-rounded woman's figure caught his eye.

His dreams and tales of the war are full of horror. There is no more eloquent testimony to Hauptmann's pacifism than the fact that he does not touch upon the ecstasy of flying and that he does not allow his hero to hark back to it. Till first appears as a comic figure, driving his two horses, Gift and Gall (Poison and Gall), but there is nothing he likes better than playing the fool, and here lies the essence of his poetic significance. This hero is dominated by that *alta ironia* that Goethe considered the highest form of art. This philosophy makes him able to bear with the shattered condition of Germany, and permits the reader to study on a broad background the significant and ridiculous folk of the hour. Young people will not understand this — in fact, the whole book would only appeal to men of mature intelligence were it not for the fact that our young people are wide-awake and will lose no time in searching out the forbidden passages.

What a grand lad this Till is! He not only carries on with a dozen peasant girls, but when he has an affair with a young Crown Princess for a change he locks out her legal husband. He then lives with a divine maiden whose physical attributes are described with Rabelaisian detail. Then, too, he has a wild companion who travels in his wagon with him, ready for all emergencies. Till is something like Florian Geyer, but I like him better, for he is younger, more pagan, and not in the least theatrical.

The best thing about Till is that he is devoid of pretensions, and, if he does sow his wild oats, he plays the fool and dreamer, not the hero. He is a poet too, as befits a young aviation lieutenant, and as befits a person of his character — for the book cannot be understood if the reader does not keep in mind the mocking quality of its hero. This bold philosopher, this sad sensualist, this hateless, hasteless wanderer, this typically precise German, this pagan Christ, this most beloved of vagabonds, this apostle of wine and song, knows his own strength so well that he outgrows his creator and, contrary to the



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original plan, moves further and further away from the scene of Germany's collapse, until he ends up philosophizing and dreaming in a world of demigods.

Only half this book could be called political. All parties, not any single group, cast their shadows across this work, for such affairs present no challenge to Hauptmann's character, to his mature artistry. Yet his view of the world is strongly impressed on these pages. In the part of the poem that deals with the Kapp-Putsch, the author states his own convictions clearly. He always refers to the saddle-maker, Ebert, as a knight in shining armor. He makes fun of our dethroned monarch. He pillories all the apostles and reformers who are eager to remedy the Reich with their own private recipes. He contrasts various political programmes. Apart from his attitude toward Moscow, whose importance to the world he underestimates, Hauptmann, to my mind, reveals himself at every point as one who values strict performance of duty in men like Count Spree more highly than he does the precipitate flight of certain defeatists, although he feels a greater personal sympathy with the latter than with men of action.

One of the earlier and most beautiful scenes in the book presents the following episode. Kapitän-Leutnant Paasche — although he does not appear under this name — breaks down before our eyes in Baden. He is a pure idealist; but believes in rough methods. Suddenly finding himself guilty of an impetuous murder, he stands there quaking, scarcely realizing what he has done, while the author's sympathy shifts back and forth between the victim and the murderer, eventually settling on the former. Hauptmann reveals two sides of himself, and from whichever side we attack him we cannot but do him homage.

Since he will lay himself open to literary criticism from many quarters, I suggest the following aspects from which various literary journals may consider his work.

The *Literarische Zentralblatt* might enlarge upon the influences of the classic Walpurgis Night motif on Hauptmann's Till, emphasizing, for the special benefit of the Boy Scouts, how skillfully this hero rides the centaur.

The *Protestantische-Blätter* could expatiate upon Hauptmann's forty-year race with Christianity, his victory as a heretic, and the dead heat that he runs in *Till.*

The *Goethe Society's Annual* might follow the development of the Greek landscape as reflected in Hauptmann's works from *Prometidenlos* to *Till* with an appendix on whether or not the vegetation he describes corresponds with what we know of it through recent discoveries.

The reactionary *Fredericus* could concentrate on the 'Poet of the German Republic' and his abuse of the great German heroes. Or else: How people in a democratic society become worthy to wear a medal *Pour la Mérite.*

The pacifist review, *Menschheit,* could discuss Hauptmann's reactionary reverence of war — or Freedom, as he calls it.

For the question-and-answer games: 'Who is the landless king whose son celebrates his honeymoon in Hauptmann's *Till?*'

Advertisement: Drink Ovomaltine to digest nine thousand hexameters.

In all seriousness, however, there is no danger that this poem will be misunderstood. To be sure, it is laden down with many pictorial elements, but all in all it is a superb picture-book, in the course of which the author spins dreams and legends while he successively fools, astonishes, irritates, and

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questions the reader. It is a vast Gobelin tapestry, the work of the author's most recent years. Like lovely women who have led immoral lives, only to become good mothers later, dramatists often grow tired of the stage and write epic poems. Twenty years hence Hauptmann will be hailed as a great epic poet, for by that time this masterpiece will be more alive than his plays.

For what distinguishes most of his plays is an imaginative visionary form of art — the dramatic element is of only secondary importance. But in an epic poem his fancies have room to develop, and his dramatic skill and experience enable him to give hundreds of his scenes a tenseness that no ordinary epic poet would be able to achieve. He has even succeeded in writing a number of episodes that seem to dramatize themselves before the reader's very eyes.

Perhaps he did this on purpose, and possibly some of it might even be filmed. A volume of hexameters cannot attain wide popularity; it must be interpreted through other mediums to the general public. The average German cannot even quote from memory Goethe's masterpiece, which is only one quarter as long as this poem, but we all know Kaulbach's pictures of it. If Hauptmann had written *Till* either in *terza rima* or in the German doggerel of Faust bits of it might become familiar to the common people in the theatre from year to year. But as it stands, only the small minority of us who turn readily to poetry will look upon it as lighter and more beautiful than prose.

In two respects it is typically German — the metre is slight, and Till leaves home. In the final and most beautiful chapter of the book he visits Switzerland, for which country the author, as a grateful visitor, has nothing but kind words. Here Till withdraws in solitude to the Tessin valley. At the close of the poem the author creates some extraordinary effects. Till's girl companion shatters the mirror of his folly; the hum of an airplane calls him like a summons to return home; he plunges headlong down the valley and discovers his grave, bearing a double inscription.

I know this grave and this valley, and I know the poet, too. To-morrow he will be sixty-five, and to-day he has given his fellow Germans a new masterpiece.

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# CHILDHOOD WANDERINGS IN CRETE[1]

BY LEÏLA HANOUM

[THE editor of the *Revue Bleue* prefaces this article with the following explanatory note: 'Leïla Hanoum is a Turkish *grande dame*, a poetess and musician, now almost eighty years old, who played a brilliant part in the social life of her country for half a century at a time when the intellectual culture of the Turkish woman was on the whole rather rudimentary. After having voluntarily retired from the world for thirty years, Leïla Hanoum yielded to the instances of her son, Yussuf Razi Bey, and in 1920 published her reminiscences in the Constantinople newspapers, with great success. Some of these reminiscences, dealing with the imperial harem where she passed a large part of her childhood and youth, have been translated and adapted into French by her son, and have enjoyed an equal success with French readers. They have likewise been translated into German and Czech. The following passages give a curious series of pictures of the life of a Turkish woman in Crete, where Leïla Hanoum stayed with her father, Ismail Pasha, from 1861 to 1865, while he was Governor-General there.']

MY father successively refused posts in Erzerum, Aleppo, and Scutari, but when trouble broke out in Crete the Sultan was told that Ismail Pasha was intelligent and capable, master of several languages, and just the person to govern Crete at that critical moment. My father therefore had to bow to his sovereign's will and accept the post of Governor-General in Crete. If I am not mistaken, this was in the year 1861, shortly after the accession of Abdul Aziz. My older sister was married to Kadry Bey, who later became Kadry Pasha and Grand Vizier during the first years of Abdul-Hamid's reign. She was expecting her first child at that time, and my mother stayed with her at Constantinople. My father took me and my brother and maternal grandmother with him.

In those days the governor-generals arrived at their posts with great pomp, and the frigate Gueivan was put at our disposal. The coverings over the cannons, the uniforms of the sailors, and the flooring of the deck were all of remarkable quality. The salon was decorated in yellow satin and wainscoted with gold-painted woodwork. Enormous portholes let in floods of light, fresh sea air.

Since maritime travel was rather rare at that time, people who had to make a journey generally sought to profit from various circumstances that might arise. On the recommendation of the Grand Sami Pasha, my father had accepted the company of an old Cretan Greek maiden lady, who at once gave the impression of a person of great distinction, and I can testify that she turned out to possess a remarkable education. When she entered the salon we exchanged bows, but did not engage in conversation. The lady spoke five or six languages, but her

[1] From the *Revue Bleue* (Paris literary and political semimonthly), *October* 15



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knowledge of Turkish was confined to scarcely a dozen words. For my part, I could speak nothing but Turkish, but my father later served as interpreter and took us up to the bridge.

In the stern of the boat a piece of canvas had been raised transversely, isolating this part of the deck from the rest of the ship and leaving it at the disposition of the harem. My grandmother was installed there, grave and full of dignity. The wives of my father's secretaries and of the various officials who surrounded him made a little court.

Introductions then occurred. The foreign lady was welcomed, and after each person had spoken a few polite phrases in her language she drew me aside and we installed ourselves in a corner apart from the rest. This lady was going to be my teacher for five years in Crete. She it was who taught me to read and write both French and Greek. When my father was recalled to Constantinople she began teaching me English. I never pursued my study of foreign languages further.

As we approached Crete we began to distinguish the fortifications surrounding the city, as well as the breakwaters and the lighthouse.

Our cruiser anchored rather far from shore, and we had to leave the boat in the open sea. At my father's orders my grandmother, together with my brother and myself, the Cretan lady, Mlle. Contaxaki, and the wife of Muhurdan, my father's secretary and Bearer of the Seal, installed ourselves in the first boat. The officer who accompanied us, in order not to place himself near the ladies, sat on the very edge of the boat. The oarsman then took his place and we slowly moved away, followed by other little boats.

Although the open sea is often rough, it happened to be very calm on that day. The white clothes of the sailors, their red cravats, and our beautiful scarlet pavilion stood out against the azure sea, and our debarkation advanced rapidly.

The wives of the local officials had come to meet us. Some of them wore *feradjés* (cloaks) and *yashmaks* (veils) of a different style from ours. Our yashmaks were made of two squares of muslin, thin or thick according to taste. They were folded into halves, one of which went around the head and the other of which fell over the lower part of the face, and this bottom piece could be raised or lowered at will. The yashmaks that these ladies wore, however, were made of a single piece wound twice around the face, with the end serving as a kind of front curtain.

They led us to the apartments in the *Konak* reserved for the harem, and had coffee served to us before they left. The Governor's palace in Crete was a big wooden building built on the walls of an old fortress, supported by vaults underneath. The harem apartments consisted of fourteen rooms, occupying two stories and opening on big vestibules. From them one enjoyed a magnificent view of the sea, the city, and the country. I was greatly pleased, because I enjoy the spectacle of the sea very much, especially at sunset.

We then arranged the room of the *mabeine* for my father. This chamber is situated between the harem and the *selamlik*, where the men live. My grandmother chose a room on the first story overlooking the sea. She had brought with her from Constantinople a little wooden trunk full of valuables small articles and familiar utensils. These included a little *mangal*, or bed warmer, all the machinery necessary to prepare coffee, a small stool, her little candlesticks, and her slippers. She said to us: 'Don't you worry about me; I have everything I need.'

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Soon we were helping her put the covers on the sofas, and oilcloth under her bed warmer. We unpacked all her various utensils and arranged them neatly. After we had done this she thanked us and we retired.

I installed myself in a room on the second floor with a sea view, and arranged it with no great skill, covering the old sofas with white linen bordered with lace, as was then the custom. That evening various local celebrities sent us things to eat, and the next day the women from the Canée paid us a call. My curiosity was stimulated by these Cretan ladies, and all my attention was riveted upon them. I found them well poised, distinguished, well educated, and likable. Here is a description of the way they dressed.

The older ladies wore enormous, wide pantaloons, three-skirted dresses, and over the dress a jacket that reached below the waist. On their heads they wore a little fez without a tassel. It merely consisted of a round piece of felt covered with a kerchief of delicate muslin decorated with hand-colored designs and embroidered with silk needlework. The two front corners of this kerchief were parted and pulled back. The young girls also wore very ample pantaloons that almost brushed the ground, and their dresses, which fitted as tight as a corset, also had three skirts, slit up to the waist. Two very long side skirts were looped up and passed through the belt. This style was called Egyptian.

Other ladies wore broad pantaloons caught up at the knee, but just as large and just as long as if they had been fastened to their ankles. These took the shape of a kind of skirt. Above this skirt they wore a shirt something like a man's, or a kind of blouse. Some of the young ladies carefully arranged their hair over their foreheads and let it fall down their backs in two braids. Others tied it up in a knot with hairpins in the form of a Greek coiffure. The feradjés had collars, as well as very narrow tippets longer than the cloaks themselves, so that they had to be picked up and carried on the arm. The yashmak was a single piece of cloth arranged in a complicated style almost impossible to explain.

In all the islands of the Greek Archipelago the conquering Turks married the native girls. The children of these mixed unions naturally spoke their mother tongue — Greek. The nurses from the country districts that Turkish families employed also spoke only their own tongue, and thus the use of Greek was automatically imposed upon the Turks who settled in these islands. Especially in Crete, Greek was the current language for Moslems and Christians alike. In the villages this rule applied absolutely and no one spoke or understood Turkish. Even in the cities Mohammedan women who knew Turkish were rare, for they had no occasion to learn the language. Girls' schools were run by women whose ambition was confined to teaching the children to read the Koran and the prayers in Arabic, and they were themselves almost completely ignorant of Turkish.

With men it was different. In the cities members of the upper classes made a serious study of Turkish, Arabic, and Persian, and knew the classic authors. The Mussulman Cretans have produced more than one talented poet and writer, but it almost never happened that he spoke Turkish. He would write a kind of Greek peculiar to Crete and quite different from the ordinary speech of other Greeks. Aside from this question of language, however, the Mussulmans in Crete always exhibited patriotism and great piety.

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The Cretan women in particular were fervently religious, although they did not sink to fanaticism or superstition. Good housekeepers and skillful workers, they wove beautiful material in light silk, linen, and homespun. They were fond of music, but at this time were ignorant of the piano, for there was no one on the island to teach it.

Thanks to the lessons of Kyria Elisabeth Contaxaki, I learned to understand and speak Greek fairly well within a few months, and was able to hold conversations with the native women.

My grandmother left for Constantinople after spending a year here, and I remained alone in my father's harem. At Stamboul I was only a little girl of no importance, but in Crete I became mistress of the house at the age of twelve or thirteen. Until then the only occasions when I had left my mother's house were when I paid visits to the seraglio, where I was naturally quite eclipsed by the princesses. I was therefore a little embarrassed, at my tender age, to be occupying the leading place in Cretan society as the Governor-General's daughter, my mother being absent. I adapted myself quickly to my new rôle, however, for the older ladies were fond of me and indulgently treated me like their daughter, while the younger ones looked upon me as a sister.

The farm known as Koukounaria, belonging to Haamid Bey, was a fine piece of property near the city. Its chief building, a big stone kiosk, was surrounded by mulberry trees, fruit trees, and an enormous orange grove. In the middle of a well-laid-out garden stood a big pool with a jet of water playing in it. There was a vast expanse of ground, laid out with pots containing rare plants, and tunnels formed of overlapping verdure where fragrant flowers provided agreeable shade.

Several times a year I was invited to this farm, where I enjoyed myself enormously with Haamid Bey's daughters. We stretched ourselves out under the orange trees, ran up and down the gardens, and passed our time most pleasantly. What delightful and distinguished playmates they were!

Years later, when the Turks began to leave Crete, two of Haamid Bey's daughters came to Constantinople. We saw each other again and spoke of the happy times we had had in our childhood, but later they both, I am sorry to say, died, and a delightful friendship ended.

Another of my friends, Djazibé, the daughter of Softa-Zadé, filled me with affection and compassion, for, owing to her mother's premature death, she suffered from chronic melancholia. Her sad bearing and pale skin made her look like a yellow rose, but when she saw me she would assume a little gayety and talk and laugh. We often went with her to visit her uncle's farm, called Kokino Metochi — the Red Farm. It, too, was a splendid and rich piece of property, but it was chiefly utilized for agriculture, and had no attractive gardens.

During the month of Ramazan, in which we fasted during the day and amused ourselves at night, the ladies were in the habit of holding frequent nocturnal meetings. We also saw each other during the rest of the year, but less often. The Cretan ladies laid the honors of their houses at our complete disposal. Sometimes Greek ladies, and more rarely foreigners, were also among those invited.

The Feast of Saint George, known as the Hidrellès, is celebrated by everybody in the Orient. On that day crowds of Mohammedans as well as Christians spend the day in the country, for the festival falls on the twenty-third of April of the old Greek calendar, or the sixth of May of the modern

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calendar. On the first of May of the Greek calendar the negresses in Crete had a special festival, as they have in Constantinople, and throngs of them would take their lunch out in the country. On the fifteenth and the twenty-second of May everyone would celebrate spring again. Where we lived the negresses did not wear feradjés and yashmaks as they did in Constantinople, but only had huge bloomers, and over their heads a simple veil. On their day of celebration, however, they would put on all their ornaments and hold a reunion at the mausoleum of Ghazi Mustafa, a soldier who lived at the time of the Turkish conquest of the island. Rich country ladies would go to their farms, and others would visit various rural districts, particularly the batteries that dominated the town; and they would even climb up the embankments around the forts. Others of us, the wives and daughters of the officials, would take ourselves to the topmost room in the highest fortress, which the officers would vacate on that day and put at the disposal of the ladies.

The batteries were composed of big piles of earth surrounded by ditches. They dominated the town, the harbor, the sea, and the surrounding country. Women wearing many-colored feradjés and stretched out on the ground would transform these fortifications into what looked like a mass of flowers. Military music contributed to the success of these festivities, which attracted all the inhabitants of the city, the men keeping themselves on one side and the women on the other.

# RUSSIAN SKETCHES

## SATIRE AND SOBRIETY

### BREAKING INTO THE BUREAUCRACY [1]

[THIS skit was reprinted from a magazine in Soviet Russia. The author has just completed his first novel, which deals with the present conditions of the Russian workers. Not only does it include an account of how certain officials embezzled State money, but it also gives a vivid description of the night life in Leningrad. M. Kataeff, to judge from his photograph, cannot be more than thirty. The 'Cleaning' mentioned in the first sentence refers to the fact that the Soviet Government requires all employees to pass an examination in socialistic science.]

FOR a whole week before the 'Cleaning' the cashier Diabetoff paced up and down his room, his eyes half closed, repeating by rote from a piece of paper in his hand.

'Who is the great Teacher? — Marx.

'How long has Socialism been existing? — More than a century.

'What is social patriotism? — Service for the bourgeoisie masked as Socialism.

'What is Capitalism? — Wild ex-

[1] By Valentin Kataeff, in *Segodnja* (Riga Russian-language daily), *January* 19

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ploitation on the basis of private property.

'How does the people's management develop? — By electrification.

'Where did the Labor organizations of Europe first meet? — At the first Congress of the Second International in the year 1889, in the city of Paris.

'What kinds of capital are there? — Permanent and variable.

'What form will Communism assume in the future? — It is unknown.

'Who is the renegade? — Kautsky. The deputy? — Painlevé. Who is the candidate? — La Follette.

'What nation is on the eve of financial and political bankruptcy notwithstanding apparent prosperity? — Poland.

'Who are the social traitors? — Noske and Scheidemann.

'Who is Abramovitch? — The social idiot.'

The zealous Diabetoff feverishly squeezed his paper of salvation in his hand, muttering: 'Don't confuse them, don't confuse them. Who is the deputy? — Painlevé. Who is the renegade? — Kautsky. Who is the candidate? — La Follette.'

When Diabetoff was invited to enter the room where the examination commission sat, there was a blur before his eyes and the sound of bells rang in his ears. Mastering his dread, he approached the table and shut his eyes.

'What is your name, comrade?' asked the president of the commission.

'Marx,' firmly answered the conscientious cashier.

'How old are you?'

'A century.'

'Your profession?'

'In the service of bourgeoisie, masked as Socialism.'

The chairman, at first inattentive, now raised his left eyebrow. 'Hm! A rather frank declaration, I should say. How do you feel, citizen, toward government service?'

'It is a wild exploitation on the basis of private property.'

'Is that so? V-e-r-y g-o-o-d. However did you worm yourself into a Soviet department?'

'By electrification.'

The members eyed one another curiously.

'When was the last time, comrade, that you took your temperature?' asked the secretary cautiously.

'At the first Congress of the Second International in the year 1889, in the city of Paris,' the cashier replied firmly.

'Comrade,' the chairman said softly, 'you have a feverish glare in your eyes . . .'

'Permanent and variable,' Diabetoff explained kindly. His cheeks were trembling with excitement and triumph. His teeth chattered, and his fingers convulsively crumbled the sacred piece of paper in his pocket.

'Very good. Fine, fine. But please don't get excited. Perhaps you are tired, comrade. Take a chair.' And the chairman, who had begun pondering something, gave his voice as cordial a tone as possible. Suddenly he asked, 'What day is it?'

'It is unknown!' Diabetoff shouted, sweating profusely, confident that he was giving his enemies the coup de grâce.

'Fine, comrade, very fine!' the chairman exclaimed with feigned enthusiasm. 'Very fine indeed. But don't get excited. You will go to Crimea. To the South. The sunshine, you know. But don't be excited. Good afternoon, comrade.'

Diabetoff shifted from one foot to another and added in a hoarse voice: 'I know some more. Who is the renegade? — Kautsky. Who is the deputy? — Painlevé. The candidate? — La

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Follette. What nation, notwithstanding its apparent prosperity —'

'Please don't be agitated,' the chairman said gently, as he cautiously slipped out of his chair. 'We'll take your word for it. Good afternoon, comrade.'

The radiant Diabetoff bowed, and, stopping at the door, grinned broadly. 'And who are the social traitors? — Scheidemann and Noske. And who is Abramovitch?' He paused for effect, winked slyly at the commission, and shouted: 'The social idiot!'

Diabetoff's agitated colleagues gathered about him. 'Well, how did you do?'

'Beat them all. Eight questions absolutely right. The remaining six I told them of my own accord. Would you believe it — the chairman himself was taken aback! Offered me a vacation. To go to Crimea. Absolutely right!'

## ON A SOVIET CONCESSION [2]

I AM working on a concession which contains six former estates. None of these retains its old name, however, for all are indicated merely by numbers. Our offices are on one of them, our shops on another, and our stables on a third.

If you were to see No. 2, where our principal headquarters are, you would certainly stare with wonder. You would see idle men lounging everywhere, teams standing idle in the shadows of the trees, men, women, and children sitting and lying on the ground, peasants waiting until work is found for them. Here is where the foremen come to select the people and the teams they need for a job. They send these back as soon as the job is done. A contract is made with a gang of peasants to do a certain piece of work, and the peasants go out and do it. They camp where the job is, sleeping in haystacks, under their wagons, or in primitive tents. When you approach such an encampment you are greeted by barking dogs, and see lean horses, whose only food is prairie grass and weeds, grazing in the neighborhood. A couple of women will be cooking dinner over an open fire. A few peasants will be hauling grain to a thresher; others will be threshing or dragging away great heaps of straw in peculiar nets. When the thresher stops, the peasant girls working there powder their faces. I suppose they have to powder them heavily to keep from getting sunburned. Anyway, it seems to be the fashion to have faces as white as chalk.

This custom of camping out on a job is very common in this part of Russia, on account of the great distances. Steam-plough and tractor crews always carry with them a bunk wagon. Work with the tractors starts at three o'clock in the morning. Twenty Fordsons work in line, ploughing a straight furrow three kilometres long. They are driven by Russians, raw hands taught on the concession, who keep their motors in excellent condition. Our manager considers the native labor here quicker-witted and cleverer with the hands than farm laborers in East Prussia. They work like mad, and they work in unison; for they are anxious to earn every kopeck possible, because they will be discharged during the winter, and jobs are hard to find.

It is fine country here. I find new beauties every day. Late in the afternoon I rode out to the tractors. The sunsets are glorious, but the twilights are very short and night comes quickly. A great white woolly cloud hung in the blue sky, with lightning flashing through it. But these novelties of

[2] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *November* 15

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nature — as they are to me — are commonplaces for the working people. As I rode home through the moonlight I came to the edge of a broad depression, where I saw dust clouds at regular intervals ahead. These rose from the teams of peasants who were land hunting after a crop failure. They camped by a neighboring brook. As I passed them I heard kettles rattling, men talking, and girls singing. A lurid light on the horizon showed where a straw-stack was on fire. Since the straw is of no value in this country, it is generally burned to keep it from serving as a shelter for vagabonds.

When I came here the middle of last August, part of the grain was already in the shook. Big threshing machines were scattered over the country. The only crops that have not been harvested now are melons, soy beans, Indian corn, and sunflowers. The sunflowers are in full bloom, and the great fields of solid yellow blossoms make a magnificent display, especially in the evening light just before sundown.

I have learned to run a tractor. For the first week I served as a helper. I put on an old shirt and old trousers, rolled up a piece of soap and towel in a blanket, and went over to the tractor headquarters. For three days I drove with an instructor at my side; the next three days I was allowed to run the thing practically without direction. Work begins at the first glint of dawn, in order to take advantage of the morning coolness. The men crawl out of the three-story berths of their bunk wagons, in front of which twenty Fordson tractors are lined up in a row. One motor after another begins to hum; then the tractors move away rapidly on an even front, to the place where the day's ploughing begins. A jerk, a shift of gears, the ploughshares fall, black ribbons roll out behind us, and the day's work has begun.

Three kilometres straight ahead, then a turn, and three kilometres back. By the time we have made a few rounds it begins to get hot. A sack attached to a staff waved from the chuck wagon calls us to breakfast. Here we find a camp table and benches and a fire in a hole in the ground. We wash our hands hurriedly and sit down. The old couple who are running the kitchen give every man a knife, fork, and wooden spoon. Our food is hot, — meat and potatoes, — and afterward half a melon for each one. It tastes luscious after our dusty work. We eat quickly, and get back to the job. We are ploughing fallow land, backsetting sod which was broken last spring. It is almost as green as if it had never been disturbed. In some places the weeds are so high that they brush the feet of a man on horseback. They clog the ploughs and spoil our tempers. We pace each other, for the pay on each contract is divided equally among us, and every man must keep up with his partners.

In one end of the field is a water cart drawn by oxen and supplied from a neighboring well. The water is muddy and unpleasant to drink, and frequently has a smear of petroleum on the surface. We would not wash our hands in it in Germany, but we drink it greedily here. It does not seem to hurt the Russians, and so far it agrees with me; but most of the Germans think they must drink bottled water.

To-day is a holiday. Our tractors and ploughs have been greased and oiled. We have finished supper. A lantern stands on a narrow table in the centre of my wagon. Men sit on the benches along the sides, laughing and talking. Two have already clambered into their bunks. One of them keeps saying over and over, 'I am a long-eared ass.' He is a young Russian eager

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to learn German, to whom one of our Volga German comrades has taught the sentence for his own amusement.

Our gang is an interesting one. Its members come from Moscow, Riga, Odessa, and Siberia, and also include an Austrian Croat war prisoner and a fellow who cannot tell where he came from, for from his earliest memory he was a homeless vagabond boy, who has now settled down to regular employment. Three of our party are Germans — a Mennonite, a son of a Volga German colonist, and a tall, slender man with a nobleman's countenance. The last of these impressed me so the first time I saw him that I asked him at once where he came from. He is the son of a former German Baltic landowner, who had an estate of more than seven thousand acres. His father fell in the war. The gymnasium he was attending was closed. His ancestral property was confiscated. A former owner of estate No. 1, where we are now living, applied for a job on the concession as a shepherd. Another estate owner, a former officer of the Hussars, is now here as a foreman. He still dresses and acts like a gentleman, but does his work perfectly. A former St. Petersburg silk merchant is ending his life here as a swineherd. He lost all his relatives in the war and the civil war, and finally turned up here in Southern Russia half starved, after tramping over nearly the whole country.

## MOTORING IN MOROCCO[1]

BY DR. ALFRED RAWRATH

According to the Southern custom, I sit in front of my hotel, the Excelsior, in Casablanca. Even in Europe it would be considered a first-class hostelry. Until the outbreak of the World War an evil-smelling cesspool stood on the spot where now a magnificent six-story structure has been erected.

Newsboys, pushing against one another boisterously in their attempt to be the first to reach me, shout the names of the evening papers: '*Le Petit Marocain!*' '*La Vigie!*' *La Vigie Marocaine* carries a story under the headline, 'Twenty Years Ago.' Twenty years have passed since the bombardment of Casablanca — a short span of time in the history of a nation. In those days a ship, unless of very shallow draught, not infrequently ran aground, and it was often necessary to unload the cargo by means of barges. Yesterday, however, a fifteen-thousand-ton steamship of the Baltic-Amerika Line docked here.

The old capitals of the Sultan, Fez and Marrakesh, where the Sheriff alternately lived when he was not making the rounds of the country to catch tax-dodgers, lie far in the interior — so remote, indeed, that the European Powers formerly preferred to keep their diplomatic representatives at Tangier. Considerations of a like na-

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *November* 9

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ture have made France deem it expedient to establish her Resident-General at Rabat, which is only thirty hours from Toulon by naval destroyer, and to persuade the 'Sultan' to make that city his official residence.

But Casablanca is the nerve centre of the country's trade and commerce. A magnificent automobile road, which is within range of warships throughout its entire course, connects Tangier, a neutral port highly desired by France, with Mogador, the most southerly harbor of importance. Casablanca is exactly halfway between these points along this road, and a focus of great commercial highways extending in all directions. The most important of these run eastward toward Fez and southward to Marrakesh, formerly isolated from the world but now within a half-day's journey.

A brown Herculean porter, who must be a descendant of the giants who legend says once dwelt in this country, drags me out of bed at four o'clock in the morning — one hour before the time we agreed upon. He refuses to let me sleep, for he fears that I shall commission one of his competitors — the struggle for a livelihood is becoming as merciless in Morocco as in Europe.

Catlike, he climbs up the ladder to the top of the bus, balancing my heavy trunk on his head with all the grace of a Spanish girl carrying a basket of flowers. Do I look like a German? '*Ja, Almani!*' How does he know? There is an old sticker on my trunk. He can read a little, and that has broadened his outlook. He has been a sentry before the cathedral in Speyer! Naturally I treat a man of such education with due respect.

Our bus is a brand-new Panhard-Levassor, fully equipped with balloon tires, blue visors, windshield wiper, dust protectors, and heavy red leather upholstery. The *Cie de Transport et de Tourisme au Maroc*, shortened to C. T. M., operates similar buses over all the Moroccan highways — southward to Agadir in the wilderness, eastward to Oudjda at the Algerian border, and northward to Tangier, which some people speak of as 'German' territory.

Shortly after our departure the Toulouse air mail, as we read at the bottom of the plane, flies overhead. President Latecoere has established an excellent system of airways — Casablanca–Spain–France, Casablanca–Algeria, Casablanca–Dakar — in Senegal.

We pass Ber Rechid, an old castle with massive mediæval-looking towers topped by thin weblike wireless masts which emphasize the contrast between the past and the present. Far to the south looms a high mountain. At Oued Zem we see a small narrow-gauge railroad leading inland to the rich phosphate mines.

Here and there are Bedouin settlements, a couple of conical huts of the type in which half the population lives. The natives grow only a shade darker as we go farther south. The heat becomes almost unbearable, and I have fallen into a slight doze when I am suddenly projected against the windshield. The brakes are applied sharply. On the ground lies a gray-bearded negro who had tried to cut across the road ahead of us with his camel, perhaps his only possession. He paid no attention to our warning signal. Our right front wheel has gone clean over his leg and crushed it. Beads of perspiration stand out on his brown forehead, but although he is fully conscious he utters no cry of pain. A legionnaire, one of the bus passengers, runs to a police station, which is fortunately near by, and telephones for help. Two other soldiers bandage up the negro and apply first aid. Within fifteen minutes an ambulance is at the scene of the accident.

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The sun is at its zenith. The barren mountains with their unbroken sharp acclivities focus its rays like a burning glass. The motor labors in low gear, and the sun burns hot through my riding boots. We sink into gloomy lethargy, from which we are startled by a sharp military command to halt. Bayonets flash as we are questioned: 'Are you carrying weapons?' We are approaching a part of Morocco which French maps call *zone d'insécurité*. Nobody is safe here. The threatening mountains that rise for more than thirteen thousand feet above us once set a limit to the advance of the Roman cohorts, and later to the mounted squadrons of the Sultans.

I stand on an arched stone bridge and look toward the beautiful pass of Kasbah Tadly, while below me a stream, unlike most of the rivers, which dry up in this country during the summer, dashes madly over its pebbly bottom. Civilian convicts pump this precious water into portable tanks to irrigate gardens. The feet of each prisoner are shackled with bright manacles and chains about two feet long. As he walks, these bonds chafe the skin from his ankles, so he is not likely to run away.

'Rather mediæval,' somebody mumbles behind me. I turn around and face a legionnaire. It is the old, old tale: a good home and education, a love of adventure and an irresponsible life — the Legion. I ask no questions, but of his own accord he tells me: 'Of course, serving in the Legion is n't so bad as the stuff you usually read makes it out to be; but five years is too long, and two francs a day is too little. You yourself have experienced the summer heat, but at this season it is mild and quite bearable!

'Back there,' and he points to the mountains where one troop is always on guard, 'it is never quiet.' Where do those brigands get their ammunition and modern army rifles? I ask no questions, for nobody knows the answer.

## HOW WE BOMBED LONDON[1]

BY KAPITÄN-LEUTNANT BREITHAUPT

[THE *Morning Post* prefaces this double account of the Zeppelin bombardment of London with the following explanation: —

'On this day twelve years ago — October 13, 1915 — occurred the second Zeppelin raid over Central London. Some thirty bombs were dropped in a line from Wellington Street, through Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, Hatton Garden, and Farringdon Road.

'Of this memorable raid, we publish below an account written by the German officer who directed it — Kapitän-Leutnant (retired) Breithaupt, now living near Berlin.

'For the *Morning Post* this incident of the war has a special interest, as its premises, at the corner of Wellington Street and the Strand, only just es-

[1] From the *Morning Post* (London Tory daily), *October* 13

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caped being hit by the first two bombs dropped by the L 15.

'The first fell outside the Lyceum Theatre, blew a hole in the wood pavement, and set fire to the gas main. It killed and maimed a dozen people standing outside a neighboring public house, and it smashed windows in the *Morning Post* building, and embedded fragments of masonry in the walls and ceilings. No one was hurt, but an officer who was standing near a window had his trousers shredded as with a knife, while his limbs escaped without a scratch.

'The second bomb fell just outside the entrance to the Strand Theatre, and broke a great deal of glass — such was the pulverizing effect of the explosion that the back staircase in the *Morning Post* building was covered, as by a carpet, with a vitreous powder more than an inch thick.

'In spite of the disconcerting effect of this visitation, the publication of the *Morning Post* was not interrupted, nor even delayed.

'After having bombed London, Zeppelin L 15 made its way to the coast about Ipswich, and its commander records the unexpected bombardment to which he was there exposed.']

TWELVE years have passed since that first concerted airship attack over London, in which five Zeppelins — L 11, 13, 14, 15, and 16 — took part. I was commandant of the L 15, and thus, after many war-time cruises, had the opportunity for the first time to be engaged in a raid.

In the following story I shall give an account of what concerns my Zeppelin, based on the notes which I made immediately on our return.

London had always appeared to me the most profitable target for an air attack, and I had accordingly set down the course for such a flight. In the early morning of October 13 came the telephone order for the flight for all available airships. The preparations were immediately begun. The crews, proud of their first opportunity to take part in a raid, carried the munitions and bombs on board; the petrol and water-ballast tanks and the gas bags were filled.

At one o'clock, Central-European time, the L 15 was in the air. On board were two officers, two warrant officers, and twelve ratings. The total weight-carrying capacity of the ship, including barometers, temperature- and humidity-measuring appliances, and also the specific weight of the gas (Traggases), was about 14,000 kilos. Of this weight the petrol (Betriebstoff) comprised about 5000 kilos, and bombs 1550 kilos (28 explosive bombs of 50 kilos each and 15 incendiary bombs of 10 kilos each).

We steered over the Friesian Islands outside the three-mile limit in order to avoid infringing Dutch neutrality. Thick fog lay over the sea. We rose, therefore, in order to avoid the so-called 'Washhouse' (*Waschküche*) and surmount the clouds. In the brightest sunshine the airships steered between the cloud masses at various altitudes. We closed with the two other airships which were coming from their aërodrome on the same errand as ourselves. The English opinion that the airships manœuvred under the leadership of a commander-in-chief or senior officer in squadron formations is not correct. The order of the day was as follows: 'Attack military and economic objects of importance in South England.' Each commander acted within the limits of this general order as an independent unit. The choice of objective was always left to the pilot. Corvette-Captain Strasser avoided giving more than general directions. He knew, as an experienced pilot, how much the

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decision of the commander must be influenced by weather and local conditions. On this ground alone the ships did not fly in close formation.

At 7.30 P.M. we were between Cromer and Great Yarmouth at a height of 2000 metres, a few miles off the coast. The visibility was good under a starlit sky. In the distance gleamed the white breakers, and beyond them the outline of the cliffs was clearly cut against the sky.

We took our bearings precisely, waited for full darkness, and then steered a direct course for our objective — London. As we crossed over the coast we came under sharp fire from the batteries, and the ships were lit up by the searchlights of the coastguard and shore batteries.

As we flew over the land we guided ourselves from time to time by discharging light bombs. About 9.30 the Thames was well marked out below us with its characteristic windings. All water ballast was now thrown out in order to obtain the greatest possible height. All hands took their stations for action. London lay darkly under us, only a few lights showing.

Suddenly, from all sides, searchlights leaped out toward us, and as we flew over Tottenham a wild cannonade from the antiaircraft stations began. The shells burst at a good height right in our course. I therefore rose, after letting off three explosive bombs, and endeavored to make an attack from another quarter. We circled round London by north and northwest.

At about 10 P.M. we were well westward of the sea of houses, which now, on account of the many searchlights, were clearly to be seen. We then steered over Hyde Park in the direction of the City. The picture we saw was indescribably beautiful — shrapnel bursting all around (though rather uncomfortably near us), our own bombs bursting, and the flashes from the antiaircraft batteries below. On either hand the other airships, which, like us, were caught in the rays of the searchlights, were clearly recognizable.

And over us the starlit sky! Still, at such a moment one is inclined to be a little insensitive to the beauties of Nature and to the feelings of the people below. It is only afterward that all this comes to one's consciousness. At the moment it is necessary to concentrate one's attention. We flew over the City at between 2800 and 3000 metres altitude, and dropped twenty bombs of 50 kilos each, and all the incendiary bombs. Severe explosions were seen between Charing Cross Station and the Bank of England.

According to my observation, the shells exploded for the most part too high. From all sides blazed the flashes of the guns. We had only one thing to do — carry on and trust in our star. What effect the bombs had at the places where flames were observed I cannot say, but I believe it was pretty warm in the City. I have learned from English eyewitnesses that the attack of our airships made no small impression on the people.

Captain Joseph Morris writes of this attack in his interesting book, *The German Air Raids on Great Britain*, as follows: —

'The casualties caused, if considered from the point of view of the total number of ships employed and of bombs expended, were more severe than in any other airship raid *before or after*. Breithaupt reserved most of his bombs until well over the centre of the City, and dropped them on Exeter Street, Wellington Street (between the Lyceum Theatre and the offices of the *Morning Post*), on Catherine Street, Aldwych, the Royal Courts of Justice, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, Chancery Lane, Holborn, Gray's Inn, Hatton

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Garden, and Farringdon Road. In all, nineteen high-explosive and eleven incendiary bombs fell from his ship on London.'

This statement corresponds with my own observations.

Sixty minutes had simply flown by since we dropped the first bombs. We breathed more freely as about 10.45 we left the City behind us. Then suddenly, as we were about over Leyton, from a direction in which we had not expected it, a new and murderous fire began. At the same time, through the rays of the searchlights a shower of enemy airplanes flashed. They appeared on both sides, and were simultaneously signaled overhead by the lookout man on the top of the ship.

Morris disputes the presence of airplanes in the air on this occasion, but I believe he is wrong. Star shells whizzed through the air, describing glowing white parabolas as perfect as any drawn on paper.

Over the coast, in the neighborhood of Ipswich, we again suddenly came under fire, about 12.30. Searchlights played round us, but the last shell shot far away below us as a parting salutation, and we found ourselves over the sea, at 3800 metres.

We announced the result of the attack by wireless telegraph to our chief, and steered for the Dutch coast. Fog again lay thick over the North Sea, and it was difficult to keep our course, even with wireless directions. Time pressed, since we had only enough petrol for a few hours more.

At last, at one o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, we made out the captive balloon which was flying over the fog above our landing place as a guide to us. We came down, through a sheet of cloud 300 metres thick, and landed safely, being warmly greeted by our commander and other comrades, who had landed earlier.

## HOW WE BLUFFED THE GERMANS [2]

There would seem, even now, to be some secrets of the war which Kapitän-Leutnant Breithaupt does not know, and it can do no harm to reveal them.

Some of the facts of this thirteenth day of October, 1915, remain in my memory — although, I confess, rather hazily. And I may be allowed to add a footnote to his history, since I was, so to speak, what the German *communiqués* termed more than once 'the enemy batteries of Ipswich.'

We, officers and men of the Eastern mobile section of the R. N. V. R. Anti-aircraft Corps, at that time serving under Colonel Lucas, with headquarters at Newmarket, can make no pretension to heroic or distinguished service. Ours, no doubt, was a 'cushy job,' and we were, according to the German equivalent of Cocker, a comic force.

But that is strictly irrelevant. What diverts me is to find the commander of Zeppelin L 15 so seriously incommoded, not only by the inner defenses of London, — then in a sadly rudimentary and inadequate state, — but by gunfire and searchlights in the neighborhood of Ipswich on his return journey.

Memory can scarcely disentangle two Zeppelin raids of that autumn, one in September and the other in October. But the procedure on our part was very similar in both.

In each case my brother officer, Mr. F. E. Slee, an entirely elderly barrister, and I separated, each taking a gun and a searchlight to shoot Zeppelins.

On one occasion I was stopped on the road between Ipswich and Colchester by two special constables, who protested that the enemy airship was above our heads. It was difficult to accept this astounding information, as we could hear nothing and see nothing.

[2] By Guy C. Pollock



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Moreover, in consequence of heavy ground mist, my searchlight — a mere contraption of acetylene gas mounted on a fast Lancia car — was some miles behind us. However, I pulled up in a suitable position and prepared for action with the redoubtable Maxim gun, which had an honorable history sheet of service in the Boer War, mounted on a Rolls-Royce car.

We were also armed with a Martini-Henry rifle of respectable ancestry (how they used to kick on the range of my public-school volunteer corps thirty-six years ago!), firing a luminous — and perhaps incendiary — bullet with a maximum range of five hundred yards.

Eventually I fired a shot with this in the supposed direction of the Zeppelin alleged to be hovering over us, in the hope of showing it up. But my direction was wrong.

'No, you fool!' said the special constable standing by my side. 'Too much to the right!'

I fired again.

'You blanked and blithering idiot!' murmured the special constable. 'Too much to the left!'

Meanwhile the gun crew had no target, and our supposed airship was still silent and invisible.

So, 'Look here,' I said, 'suppose you take a shot.' And he did so. And in the light of this wretched bullet, which looked like a miniature star shell, burst and all, the Zeppelin became instantly visible, a sharply defined black pencil straight above our heads in a clear and starlit sky.

So we let go. We loosed two belts of Maxim ammunition into her, — she was so low and so good a target that it would be no surprise to find that her envelope was holed by a few stray bullets, — and I snatched back the honorable Martini-Henry to have some private but ineffectual rifle practice of my own.

Then our bird woke up and her engines roared, and a shower of bombs dropped all around and about the village of Stratford St. Mary, lying just below us, and the only real damage was the tearing from the ground of a couple of telephone posts.

Incidentally, my resourceful C.P.O., a landed proprietor of the North of England, seeking other ways to get into touch with Headquarters, scared a village postmistress into fits, and set abroad alarmist rumors of a Hun invasion, by stating over the telephone that we had 'cut the line' before 'coming into action.'

And then the Zeppelin passed rapidly beyond reach, sight, and sound, making straight for the coast and home.

On the other occasion I cannot remember that I got a shot at all. On the other hand, Slee's gun — and I think we had then received one or two of the one-pounder pom-poms firing a shell only fitted with an impact fuse, also complete with Boer War history sheets, which had prudently been removed from the centre of London — discharged two belts of our deadly missiles at a Zeppelin intent on blowing holes in the bunkers of the Ipswich golf course.

But this Zeppelin was a taller bird, and the chance of a hit — without range-finders, height-finders, any table of deflections, fuse-range dial, or an illuminated target — more remote.

Indeed, it is not surprising to learn that 'the last shell shot far away below us,' if one may call the missile a shell at all.

The commander is mistaken in supposing that he was lit up anywhere near the coast; and he is, I am sure, mistaken about the swarms of airplanes at Leyton; they did not exist. He is mistaken also about what he calls 'light bombs.'

After all, it would be absurd to im-

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agine that the Germans could have believed that England was chiefly defended against air attack, even in the earliest days of war, by ancient machine-guns and obsolete muskets, in the hands of very imperfectly trained and middle-aged gunners.

That was perhaps like a people who sang 'Tipperary' rather than 'Hearts of Oak.' But very possibly the Martini-Henry bullets were mistaken for star shells and the machine-gun fire for shrapnel. So may it have been, for thus our preposterous activities may have had a sobering and even a deterrent effect far exceeding their merits.

Anyhow, these were the facts. By 1917 it was another story. But that story of the really efficient antiaircraft defense of London, by air and land, is more widely known.

## FIRST LOVE

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Saturday Review*]

First love is love before the flame is lit;
  It is the waking bird before the rest
On cool wet branch all drowsy-green with it,
  And sinking back to silence in the nest.
First love has more of art, and less of wit
  Than later love, wherein are manifest
The brain and mind in balance exquisite,
  Where good in each becomes completed best.
And there the spirit, that has half remembered,
  And half forgotten, that life, asking all,
Gives twice what it demands, sweeps unencumbered
  Sheer into love, as when a waterfall
Tumbles all white into the sun that dies on
  The grave incontrovertible horizon.

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# LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

### *The Church of England in Distress*

Two fundamental causes have brought the Church of England to its present pass. The first, and most important, is the fact that religious matters are finally determined by a group of politicians, most of whom are not theologians at all, and many of whom are not even members of the Church whose destiny they are called upon to decide. In the second place, when such a loose-jointed body as the Church of England is opened to public inspection and discussion, it reveals numerous contradictions, and its members, who would otherwise be ignorant of each other's heresy, have an opportunity to discover how the other half — or even the other nine-tenths — thinks.

The British press has been filled with discussions of the Alternative Service of Holy Communion, of the alleged legalization of 'Mass,' of the optional prayers for the King, and a number of other technicalities that a foreigner does not and need not understand. The fact remains that an overwhelming majority of bishops, after the most careful consideration, passed upon the Revised — or 'Deposited' — Book of Common Prayer, which, in turn, laymen had ample opportunity to discuss. If one thing is certain in the whole dispute, it is that a larger majority of Church members favor the present book, much of which is optional, than favor the book that has been in use before and that has proved a perfectly satisfactory rallying ground for the Church as a whole. Who, then, oppose the new version?

Both on the Anglo-Catholic and the Evangelical fringes of the Church a certain outcry has been made against some of the provisions and changes. Many details in the service that were reluctantly accepted in the old Book of Common Prayer are opposed in the present volume. In other cases it is the change that people resent, and a certain die-hard group cannot accept the idea that a priest who clings exactly to the old book becomes a Nonconformist. These cliques of extremists are not, however, the ones who blocked the Revised Book in the House of Commons. Their agitation helped to defeat the measure, but the enormous and decisive force was the Nonconformist anti-Roman element, who want Disestablishment, and seem to be in a fair way to get it.

About half the Labor Party took this line, as did numerous other groups who resent the power that the proposed measure would lodge in the hands of the bishops, who, for that very reason, support their revisions heartily. The Roman Catholics have maintained an air of wistful dignity and indifference. One Jesuit priest wrote to the *Sunday Times* expostulating against an opponent of the revised book who had twisted something that he, the Jesuit, had written into the idea that Rome approved of the changes. 'I should not like to think,' he wrote, 'that anything I had written had influenced any member's vote on an issue which I regard as solely the concern of the Church of England.' Lord Denbigh, a Roman Catholic member of the House of Lords, remarked, 'I am intensely relieved that I have no responsibility in the matter.'



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The Archbishop of Canterbury stands out as a tragic figure. He has devoted most of his life — and he is now eighty years of age — to this very reform, and even before the vote was taken his words revealed that he expected defeat. 'I am an old man,' he said. 'I have been a bishop nearly thirty-seven years, and an archbishop nearly twenty-five years. My life has not been lived unrecorded. Standing here now, I declare that I am absolutely unconscious of any departure from the Reformed Church of England to which I gave my allegiance fifty-three years ago.'

Unfortunately, his flock do not all agree, and as long as Parliament decides their destiny the road is automatically blocked before them. Disraeli's admirable phrase, 'the Parliamentary Church,' fits the present situation like a glove, and it is hard to see how even the English genius for muddling through can avoid the Disestablishment that so many people desire and that so few are willing to prevent by sinking internal dissensions and fighting in a common cause.

### *Revolt in Australia*

ONE of our host of Australian readers, a lady who signs herself 'Mary Reveille,' sends us a long communication from Thornleigh, in the vicinity of Sydney, protesting against an article by Arnaldo Cipolla entitled 'Sydney and the Sundowner' that we printed last April. Signor Cipolla had represented the land down under as a country of easy-going loafers who never worked on Saturday, seldom showed up at their jobs before ten o'clock, and received fabulous salaries. No doubt the contrast between Australia and his own country accounted in part for the extravagant picture he drew, and we give herewith certain extracts from 'Miss Reveille's' letter which we hope will correct any false impressions that our exuberant Latin contributor may have created.

'Although,' protests 'Miss Reveille,' 'he says the week-end begins on Friday evening, — and it may for a few, — the big majority do not leave off work until 12.30 on Saturday.' As for people going to work at ten o'clock — 'Oh, Mr. Cipolla, who ever told you that? Have you never heard of a Bundy clock that has to be punched? Pay is docked, Mr. Cipolla, for every minute late. Warehouses and factories have these Bundy clocks, most large institutions, even many of the banks, and the usual hour for punching is 8 A.M. for the first two mentioned and 9 A.M. for the latter.' Few stores dare to open later than nine for fear of competition from the early birds.

'And who were "the lady employees who rarely earned less than eight pounds sterling a week"? They were not clerks and sales people, whose average pay is from two pounds to five pounds per week, according to ability and length of service. The basic wage for women in New South Wales is two pounds, twelve shillings, and sixpence per week. . . .

'And now for the "Sundowner," our variety of tramp — "incurable itinerant." He much prefers the country roads with trees under which to camp at nightfall. He carries his own small tent as a rule, — his "swag" or "bluey" in sundowner's language, — but sometimes he depends on the tramp's hut which most station (*cf.* American ranch) owners build in one of the paddocks to shelter the sundowners. He has two rules to obey: one is to shut all gates he passes through, for valuable flocks of sheep may be mixed or lost if he leaves a gate open; the second rule is to extinguish thoroughly any fire that he may make either in the hut or in the open. . . .

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'And lastly, Mr. Cipolla, why did you not tell your readers that, while sundowners are men, kangaroos are animals — Australian native animals? Surely you did not mean them to believe that both belonged to the same species.'

And in behalf of Mr. Cipolla, we can only say, 'Of course not.'

### *Books of the Year in France*

THE Prix Goncourt, awarded annually by the ten members of the Goncourt Academy to the best novel by any French writer under fifty, has been won this year by Maurice Bedel's *Jerome, 60° de latitude nord.* At the same moment this selection was made a more bizarre committee of journalists had just voted their Prix Renaudot to the same man, but they promptly revoked their decision and conferred their honor on *Maïtena*, by Bernard Nabonne.

The five thousand francs that go with the Goncourt Prize are the least of the benefits entailed — what really counts is the fact that the committee enjoys such prestige that its selection is always assured of a sale of from fifty to one hundred thousand copies; and the runner-up, André Chamson's *Hommes de la route*, which was generally favored to win, should also thrive. Among those considered, but eliminated in the early voting, were *Adrienne Mesurat* by Julien Green, the young Virginian who has made French his adopted language, *Vasco* by Marc Chadourne, and *L'Homme derrière le mur* by Lucien Favre.

The winner, Maurice Bedel, was born in Paris in 1884, and studied medicine along with Georges Duhamel. His first book of poems, published in 1913, attracted favorable comment, but the war cut in on his literary work. He served as an adjutant until 1915, when he was wounded in the head and arm. Medical work in Morocco followed, although he had once hoped to renounce hospitals and concentrate entirely on mental diseases. Still in the medical branch of the army, Bedel moved to the Vosges, where he made his first contacts with the Norwegians, among whom he has been living for the past few years. It seems that a group of these hardy Norsemen had come to show the French how to handle wounded men in the snow-covered mountains where they were fighting, and between battles these same visitors initiated Bedel into the art of skiing.

Per Krogh, a Norwegian artist, introduced the young French writer and medico to Oslo, and between them they helped to popularize such modern artists as Matisse, Derain, and Picasso. Bedel has expounded a number of interesting theories concerning the Norwegians. He believes that their family life is much happier than that of the French, largely because they marry young and divorce easily. He feels that it is a mistake for a young man to wait until he is twenty-five or thirty, but that he should plunge right into matrimony while still in his teens. Because of this practice, the ex-husbands and ex-wives of Oslo dine cheerfully together, while the children are apt to stay with the mother, and visit the father only when the spirit moves them. As a result of this system, Norway does not suffer at all from the matrimonial shooting parties that, to judge from what M. Bedel says, are killing off the flower of his country.

The Prix Femina — another important prize — has been awarded to Marie Le Franc's *Grand Louis L'Innocent*. In spite of its name, this prize does not automatically go to a woman, although women have frequently captured it. As pickers of talent, the Femina committee consider themselves rather su-

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perior to the members of the Goncourt Academy, whose greatest triumph was the selection of Proust in 1919, most of the other Goncourt winners having fallen rather flat afterward. The Femina, a less renowned body, discovered Romain Rolland, Édouard Estaunié, now a member of the French Academy, Roland Dorgalès, and other writers less well known abroad but of enduring consequence in France.

The plot of *Grand Louis L'Innocent* does not sound encouraging. The book describes the vicissitudes of a Breton girl who moves to Canada, where, in the midst of a tempest, she meets big, innocent Louis, whose mind was so affected by the war that he lost the power of speech, though he remained normal in other respects. Luckily the heroine is a teacher, but, since she is also French, she does not confine herself to the multiplication tables and rhetoric. An ecstatic lady describing the book in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* asks this question: 'Is it a novel, a love poem, a philosophic or religious meditation, a hymn in praise of the beauty of the original couple in the Garden of Eden, a hymn to the God of Love, the great Coscos, conqueror of man?' We read the rest of the review, and still the question abides. At all events, we suspect that Marie Le Franc is more succinct than her appreciator. When her publisher cabled to her in Canada the news that she had won the prize, she merely cabled back: 'Chic. Marie Le Franc.'

### *A Flying Hotel*

NEXT April England will witness the launching of the first complete aerial hotel in the form of an enormous dirigible that will contain quarters for one hundred guests and a crew of fifty. Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for Air, has just been inspecting this super-Zep, and through him certain facts are released to the public.

Built into the lower part of the dirigible, just forward of amidships, is a four-story construction. The lower floor houses the control and navigation rooms; the crew's quarters come next; and the two top floors are given over to passengers. Here will be found a dining-room for fifty people which can be cleared to form a ballroom, while from a balcony the more staid passengers can enjoy the singular privilege of seeing how the Black Bottom looks above the clouds. Two- and four-berth staterooms with accommodations for all the hundred guests will also be provided. Two verandahs, running the length of the hotel on either side, will furnish ample space for exercise.

The entire airship is being made of duranium, and, though its dimensions equal those of a fifty-thousand-ton battleship, it will only weigh 156 tons when fully loaded. Five million cubic feet of gas will keep it afloat. Thirty-five gasoline tanks, each capable of holding a ton of fuel, will supply the six Rolls-Royce engines that develop a total of forty-two hundred horsepower and that will drive the machine at eighty-three miles an hour, though a modest seventy-five will be the usual cruising rate. No one has yet vouchsafed for what purpose the flying hotel will be used, but Commander Burney, president of the company that is building it, says that it represents a revolution in airship construction and that it will look like a mosquito compared to more pretentious successors that he already has in mind.

### *Clothes and Writers*

ONE of the most important lessons we learn from the glorious literary history of France is that clothes as well as

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books make a writer really great. Without his familiar skullcap Anatole France could never have assured us quite so frequently and so successfully as he did that 't is love alone that makes the world go round. Deprived of his monocle, moustaches, and stock collar, Henri de Régnier would never have rated a full page in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, where he assured his readers, in verse, that he had 'seen thy face, O Death, and thy visage, O Love.' Without his own face and visage the author's lines would have been meaningless. Yet in spite of the astonishing variety of dress practised in literary Paris, *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* asserts in the very face of M. de Régnier that the gay old order is passing, and that the younger school of dress and letters is best represented by the sleek M. Paul Morand.

The author of *Open All Night*, *Lewis and Irene*, *Nothing but the Earth*, and other international successes, is depicted out walking with his 'dog of Alaska,' sporting a many-colored overcoat, an English collar, and heavy socks. 'He has the face of a Rugby player,' says this description, 'full, muscular, and solid. He goes in for a highly Anglicized form of simplicity, for athletics of all kinds, for horseback riding and swimming. Dressed in magnificent clothes, he drives the fastest automobile in France. On one occasion we saw him in his princely dwelling wearing a shirt of azure blue, wide trousers, and black silk socks.' Morand is always on the move, always traveling somewhere. When he dies he wants to have his skin made into a suitcase.

### *A New Dostoevskii Letter*

In a hitherto unpublished letter to a Petrograd violinist named Alexeiev, Dostoevskii shows how closely the first temptation that Satan offered Christ corresponds to the aims of modern Socialism. 'The transformation of stones into bread,' said Dostoevskii, 'is the social question of the hour.' Satan's suggestion was that Jesus should enable men to live without labor, but should hold them accountable for their sins, because most of the evil in the world was caused by the struggle for existence. Christ's answer that 'man shall not live by bread alone' is also the answer to Socialists, who 'eschew Christ and concern themselves entirely with bread.'

Dostoevskii continues as follows: 'But Christ, who carried in Himself and in His word the highest ideal of beauty, decided that it was better to introduce this ideal into the souls of men. Once they grasp it, men will become brothers, and in working for each other they will become rich. On the other hand, if they are only given bread, boredom will turn them into enemies, whereas, if they are given both beauty and bread, they will be deprived of work and personality. Sacrifice will become futile, and all life as well as all ideals of life will disappear. Better far to possess only the spiritual light.'

The letter was dated 1876, and its recipient, a great admirer of Dostoevskii, kept up a steady correspondence with his idol until 1880, when he succumbed to Tolstoi.

### *Art and Absurdity*

For something like thirty years M. Georges Courteline, the leading literary wit of Paris, has been collecting and exhibiting paintings 'in which the sin of art has hardly penetrated.' Selecting his material among the more obscure shops of Montmartre and Montparnasse, he has annually assembled his so-called 'Museum of Horrors,' whose name was changed this year to

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the 'Museum of Naïve Endeavor.' Two of the outstanding masterpieces at the 1927 show were entitled 'The Half-Baked Virgin, or The Girl with the Poached-Egg Eye' and 'Oysters during the Months without an R.' A picture representing President Kruger and his family as a troupe of dwarfs was held out as a bait for the British trade, and it fetched no less than two hundred dollars.

In an illustrated catalogue M. Courteline comments on the many satisfactions that his thirty years of activity have brought him. Concerning one picture showing an early Victorian group of bathers he remarks: 'A humorous picture, in which temperate debauchery is mingled with a kindly gift of observation. It intrigues and captures the applause of all devotees of healthy gayety, who, thank God, are numerous in France.'

'Impressions of a Suicide' — though the artist intended to represent a picnic party — is explained in this way: 'This picture was conceived by its author during one of his many unsuccessful attempts at suicide. In this case he endeavored to hurl himself from the sixth floor. His picture represents the pavement as it appeared to the victim as he was passing, headfirst and at full speed, the windows of the first floor.'

No more impressive proof of the indifference of the French public to great art could be found than the fact that this masterpiece still awaits a buyer.

### *Red Apples in London*

THANKS to the vigilance of the *Morning Post*, another gruesome Muscovite plot has just been exposed to the horrified public of Great Britain. It appears that whole shiploads of Bolshevist apples, red in appearance but Red at the core, have insinuated themselves among the stalls of Covent Garden Market. In the old days, the crates in which this noxious fruit arrived were labeled R S F S R, — the Russian abbreviation for Crimea, we are told, — but now they are boldly marked 'Californian.'

A prominent exporter who was man enough to admit that he had once indulged in this sinister business made a clean breast of his past in these words: 'They look as well as the best dessert apple on the market, but' — and here his voice dropped to a hoarse whisper — '*they are very little good for eating purposes.*' At first he did a brisk trade, but the wages of sin is indigestion, and very few people who had bought Bolshevist apples once came back for more. His customers, he said, had been deceived by their eyes and by the low price of the fruit, but they had repented at leisure and in agony over their political heresy.

Now that the Tory Government has broken off relations with Moscow, the continued appearance of Soviet apples may produce external as well as internal complications. The more desperate apple addicts of London, glutted with their favorite fruit, rage through the streets of the city throwing Russian apple-cores at the silk hats of the bourgeoisie and shouting, 'Down with Baldwin!' 'Long live Revolution!' 'Applesauce!' and other revolutionary slogans.

As the *Morning Post* points out, there is unfortunately no way of labeling the apple itself with an authentic birth certificate, and the present critical situation is likely to go from bad to worse at any moment.

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# BOOKS ABROAD

**Catastrophe,** by Alexander Kerensky. London: Appleton's, 1927. 15*s*.

[*Spectator*]

THIS book captures the very atmosphere of revolution. The Kerensky type always recurs, though with infinite variations, just as does the counterfigure Lenin, and in a sense it is always Kerensky who makes Lenin's success possible. Yet always Kerensky is defeated, not by the extremists but by attack from the other flank.

In this story (which, by the way, is manifestly not a translation, but an original piece of writing in a mastered tongue having much resemblance to Conrad's early use of English) we begin with a chapter recounting how the monarchy fell. When dissolution of the Duma was threatened and the country and the troops turned at last on the autocracy, the Kerensky type for the moment came into power; that is to say, the men who wanted revolution without proscription desired to enlist all men of good will. The first danger came from the ex-Conservatives, Gutchkoff and his like, who wanted a change of monarch but continuance of the dynasty.

Why that was impossible the next chapters go to show. Never in the days of old autocracies had the army been the whole people, but in Russia for a generation conscription was the rule and the army was 'an actual fragment of the Russia of serfdom.' The officer class was trained not merely to exercise discipline, but to report men as politically suspect even when saying, 'But they are our best soldiers.' The old patriarchal relation was destroyed between commander and commanded: the officer became a police spy. Nothing held the military machine together but the central power to punish. When that was broken, driving force could only come from something that appealed to the soldiers' affections. It was too late for any Romanov to do that.

The narrative tells how appeal was made to the love of country and how that appeal succeeded; how Russia came back to the war effectually, even when Kerensky, saying to the troops, 'Sacrifice yourselves that Russia may defeat her enemies in the field,' was answered by Lenin, saying, 'Turn away from the front, kill your enemies at home who cannot resist you, and take their goods.' The crash came when, in addition to the struggle on two fronts, against Germany in the field and Lenin in the cities, Kerensky's own commanders mutinied in a monarchist reaction. The Kerensky Government easily defeated the monarchist reaction, which had support, according to him, in England; but the army was again disorganized, and the combined attacks of Germany and Lenin prevailed.

Kerensky's interpretation of Lenin is not novel, but like all his psychological exposition it is brilliantly clear. The defeat of Russia seemed to Lenin necessary, because if reaction fell finally in the European stronghold all the proletariats in Europe would turn on their own capitalists.

> Nowhere except in Russia is it possible to find such a type of political leader, one so utterly devoid of feeling of country. Under Tsarism the people were accustomed to regard the State itself as hostile. . . . Lenin was the most extreme expression of that spiritual ulcer of injured patriotism which for decades had been poisoning the national consciousness of the Russian intelligentsia. There is hardly a person among cultured Russians who has not, at one period or other, suffered more or less acutely from this disease of spiritual, or rather intellectual, estrangement from his country.

As actual narrative, this book, exciting though it is, seems of less importance than as psychology. The writer tells us again and again that his memory is imperfect, on details not indeed of major importance. Yet there can be no definite and irrefutable record of those whirling days: and what



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happened has happened, though how and why it happened is matter for most fruitful inquiry. But the thing to note is his standpoint: he does not admit defeat. This man is a European, who sought in the stress of war to reconstruct Russia on the lines of European freedom; and his work was beaten down and replaced by a new tyranny, un-Russian and un-European. Russia must, and some day will, go back to March 1917 and seek its 'one way of salvation — the union and coöperation of all the living creative forces of the country.'

Simply as a picturesque detail, nothing else in this volume can compare with the picture of Kerensky's visit to the imprisoned Tsar at Tsarskoye Selo, and the account of the Royal Family which follows.

**Rhodes: A Life,** by J. G. McDonald. London: Philip Allan, 1927. 21*s*.

[Ian Colvin in the *Morning Post*]

Mr. J. G. McDonald, one of the keenest and best of Rhodesians, was a considerably younger man than his chief, whose life he has now written. They first met in November 1890 — that is to say, after the pioneers had made their great trek into Mashonaland.

There were then great hopes of gold in the North, and Rhodes and Rudd, partners in the Goldfields of South Africa, appointed Mr. McDonald to work for the company in the new territory.

On this task he went to Salisbury in May 1891, and there again met Cecil Rhodes (then Prime Minister of the Cape), who had made that famous journey from the East Coast with Major Frank Johnson and Mr. D. C. de Waal.

The meeting was arranged to inspect some newly discovered mines on the Mazoe, and Rhodes, after dinner, closely questioned young McDonald on one of the mines which was being opened up.

It was Rhodes's way, as Mr. McDonald says: 'Rhodes always tried to get at the bottom of every subject he took an interest in, and questioned and requestioned on the matter till he got a complete grasp of it.'

Either to test a new acquaintance or because he was in one of his fractious and overbearing moods, Rhodes ended his examination thus: 'It is clear you know nothing about it; you are wasting my time with your ignorant replies. I tell you that you are a very ignorant young man.'

Mr. McDonald, knowing he was in the right, and being besides a man of spirit, replied hotly. There were 'impetuous, heated words,' and finally the young engineer turned on his heel and went off to bed under a neighboring tree.

He spent a sleepless night, cursing himself for his folly in quarreling with his all-powerful employer, and expecting nothing less than dismissal. In the morning he found Rhodes, sitting by the camp fire.

'I said nothing and kept well away from him, doing some small jobs for a short time; then I heard, "M-m-m, I think you lost your temper last night, I think you lost your temper last night," spoken in the falsetto he sometimes adopted. "Yes, Mr. Rhodes, I did, and I'm sorry. It was stupid of me, but I must stand to all I said about the Lotus Mine."

'"M-m, it is foolish to lose one's temper; I've always found it so. But let's be fair. We'll go to the mine, and if Rolker" (a well-known American mining engineer who was in the party) "says you are wrong you'll climb down, you'll climb down, I hope; while if you are right I will, I will. And now," he added, "let us have our coffee."

'Soon after the others appeared, and there was general surprise to see Rhodes and myself talking to each other in the most friendly fashion after the explosion of the previous night. Next day we visited the Lotus Mine, which was duly looked at by Rolker, who confirmed my statements, and at dinner that night Rhodes said: "I was wrong two nights ago, and McDonald was right. I offer him an apology, but I tell him again it is foolish to lose one's temper. Remember that, it is foolish to lose your temper."

'From that day on he gave me his fullest confidence in all matters he had at heart, and we remained firm and close friends to the end of his life.'

From these extracts it will be seen that Mr. McDonald knows how to tell a story, and he has many good stories to tell. The

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best, no doubt, is the narrative of how Rhodes made peace with the Matabele after the rebellion of July 1896.

It is a story that has been told before, for Mr. McDonald suffers from his kindness to previous biographers. He has told them many of his stories, and now refers to them very modestly when he retells them himself.

Then there is the tale of how Rhodes found the World's View, and told McDonald that he wished to be buried there when he died; and there is much else no less characteristic and interesting.

Mr. McDonald is one of those friends of Cecil Rhodes who cannot quite forgive Jameson for the Raid. There I should like to break a lance with him; but he does not dispute the facts, and the facts stand as the sufficient vindication. Nor did Cecil Rhodes himself ever blame Jameson — not merely because he was magnanimous, but because he was just.

**The Season Made for Joy,** by Barbara Blackburn. London: Martin Secker, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

**Melilot,** by Norman Anglin. London: Jonathan Cape, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

**Dark Ann,** by Marjorie Bowen. London: The Bodley Head, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

**Tracks in the Snow,** by Lord Charnwood. London: Ernest Benn, 1927. 7*s.*

[*Saturday Review*]

Miss Blackburn's sprightly and brilliant pen moves in the direction of disillusion. But how gayly it undertakes the sad journey, what loops and twists and flourishes it describes on the way, how it enjoys its virtuosity! How can she be so cheerful, how can all her characters be so cheerful, when they are going to end, the more important ones, with insufficient incomes and a great embarrassment of shattered ideals? The *Vulcan*, that organ which, under Nicky's editorship, was to popularize economics among the masses, where is it? Dead. And where is Nicky himself? Sitting on an office stool, learning how to manufacture, advertise, and distribute pickles. Fanny, too, had — from an idealist's point of view — gone under. She had striven to keep her head above water.

Fanny had a new hateful job in a solicitor's office in Victoria Street. Could there be anything more meaningless in the world, thought Fanny, than Victoria Street? She walked along that ugly road, beneath the ugly buildings, and thought of the ugly day before her. . . .

She had preferred this squalid occupation, with its alleviating circumstances of divine discontent, to the fleshpots so generously offered to her by Aunt White.

Fanny and Nicky walked into the park, where the trees had a young covering, like ladies dressed in gauze.

'Are you frightfully unhappy, Nicky?'

'Yes.'

'Do you want to die?'

'Yes. Do you?'

'Yes.'

In spite of all this we find that Fanny, too, has succumbed to the fleshpots, and we have her telling her maid that she will wear the blue dress for the party. Geoffrey and Rodney are men of a different breed.

'D'you like your job?' Fanny asked.

'Yes, it's rather good fun on the whole. I think most things are all right, if you can get enough time off in the open. . . .'

'You see our trouble is, Geoffrey, we're all too serious. You and Rod are the only people I know who enjoy life.'

'Well, these highbrow ideas are all very well, but I think they have a depressing effect.'

'I know, Geoffrey. But then, if things really are depressing . . .'

Were things really depressing, or were they rendered so by the highbrow ideas of the Haslam family? Miss Blackburn never quite answers this question. Ironically she styles her study of youth and youthful idealism *The Season Made for Joy*, and into a citadel of irony, if pressed for her real opinion of her characters, she would probably retire. But I earnestly urge Miss Blackburn not to retire anywhere, certainly not from authorship. Her book is one of the most stimulating and amusing I have read for a long time.

Melilot is a girl of eighteen who has just left school. Her mother has a husband who makes a profession of heraldry, and a lover called Major Blent. The husband is the son of Lady Lydia and the grandson of a duke. Lady Lydia has come to be interested solely in divorce cases. (They were

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then reported in full.) Once, when the supply is failing, rather than forgo her daily excitement, she decides that her son must divorce Melilot's mother. Meanwhile Melilot, bathing in a Welsh lake, meets with various adventures. The story, taking in a tributary here and there, gathers volume and finally pours itself into a melodramatic sea. It began as a study of Melilot's opening consciousness, and her devouring curiosity in the young man who climbed down the precipice after her. All this is subtly and admirably told, particularly the scene in which the heroine meets the three mountaineers. But afterward it seems to lose direction. The relationship between Melilot and her mother is obscured by more sensational happenings: murder, suicide. So that what began as the soft unfolding of a petal ends rather like the report of a fifteen-inch gun. Moreover, Mr. Anglin will never condescend to 'straight' narrative; in proportion as he complicates his plot, so does he overcharge the consciousness of his characters. And he shifts the centres of interest bewilderingly. *Melilot* has passages of originality and beauty, but it fails to be a good novel.

Anyone who thinks that the modern world is lacking in color should turn to Miss Marjorie Bowen's collection of short stories, *Dark Ann*. Sometimes she procures her rich fabrics and brilliant tints by invoking the past; sometimes her alert eye finds them even in the present — finds them in the gowns of her heroines, in curtains, hangings, and knickknacks. The stories leave a confused, colorful impression on the mind. They are full of felicities; they have flashes of insight into character, and curious, happy conjunctions of words. They owe much to the story-teller's art, and are not ashamed of it. Their fault is that they are too much draped; take away the rich accessories and a certain poverty of line is apparent.

How seldom does the end of a detective story live up to the promise of its beginning! *Tracks in the Snow* opens excellently; and to the end we enjoy Lord Charnwood's graceful, leisurely style, his endeavor to furnish the detective story with the whole armor of the novelist's art. But he ought to have been more businesslike, less literary. The sting of the story seems to be smothered by its own smoothly turned phrases.

**Pep**, by Lion Feuchtwanger. I. L. Wetcheek's Book of American Verse. Potsdam: Verlag Kiepenheuer, 1927.

[*Literarische Welt*]

Lion Feuchtwanger, one of our most widely read poets in Anglo-Saxon countries, saves his German soul in this brilliant book of half-cynical, half-friendly verse. Many of these pieces have already appeared in newspapers and magazines as apparently translations of American verse. Now, however, it is generally admitted that Wetcheek is none other than the writer who first disguised himself as Lion Wetback or Lotte Pritzel, and once more he enlivens us with his uppercuts and haymakers, soundly thrashing the mechanical, snobbish, feminist, capitalist world of Mr. Smith of the U. S. A. To speak in the style of the author, we have in this book genuine first-class verse, one-hundred-percent poetry. Among the finest is the 'Ballad of Louetta Frink,' which approaches sentimentality in the way it renders the emotional shortcomings of the standardized American. All in all, the book is a splendid dash of fresh cool water on a sincere and disillusioned race.

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## BOOKS MENTIONED

Hanoum, Leïla. *Souvenirs de Leïla Hanoum sur le harem impérial et les sultanes au XIX^e^ siècle*. Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 1925. 6 fr. 75 c.

Souday, Paul. *Marcel Proust; André Gide; Paul Valéry*. Paris: Simon Kra, 1927. 27 francs the set.

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# OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

**Young India,** by Mahatma Gandhi. Second Series. New York: The Viking Press, 1927. $5.00.

EVERYBODY admits that Mahatma Gandhi is one of the great men of our time, and some biographers link him with Lenin, the Apostle of Might. Gandhi, however, leads by instilling the spirit of love into his people. In *Young India*, a weekly journal which he edits and whose pages contain little more than his own writings, he has expounded his creed and his precepts, and this volume consists of a collection of extracts from that newspaper between 1924 and 1926. It was during these years that he made his famous fast of twenty-one days, ardently advocated nonresistance against British rule, pleaded earnestly for Hindu-Moslem unity, and taught the masses how to use the spinning wheel, the universal application of which he feels sure will lead to Indian independence. And he describes it all simply and clearly. His personality, even in the written word, is almost hypnotic.

Quite unintentionally, *Young India* comes at this time as an answer to Katherine Mayo's *Mother India*, and the two volumes should be companion pieces for all who seek an unbiased point of view. Many readers may not agree with Gandhi's attitude toward England, and many may feel that weakness is inherent in his method; but whether we approve or disapprove, we must admit his importance and his success. To know Gandhi we must go to *Young India*, and no student of world affairs should be ignorant of him.

**Are They the Same at Home?** By Beverley Nichols. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1927. $2.50.

GOOD taste walks hand in hand with wit and talent in this delightful volume by a brilliant young interviewer fully cognizant of his own abilities. Sixty character sketches of famous people, and one of Mr. Beverley Nichols, give us intimate glimpses of those celebrities whose faces adorn the stage, cinema news-reel, and Sunday supplement rotogravure. Although more concise and epigrammatic, the book vaguely resembles Frédéric Lefèvre's *Une Heure Avec* series. Nichols's choice of subjects, moreover, might be compared to showy patchwork in its variety. The stage may claim many of them, but authors, surgeons, and prize fighters are not forgotten in his parade of modern genius. A particularly happy turn was made in characterizing the late Florence Mills as a melancholy blackbird. Margaret Kennedy is presented less as the author of *The Constant Nymph* — there is copious reference to both the play and the novel in many of the other studies — than as the historian of *A Century of Revolution*. Entertaining and enlightening are such sketches as those of George Gershwin composing music for *Lady, Be Good*, Señorita de Alvarez making a *moue* over a bad tennis stroke, and Jimmie White ignoring Time. The volume is brilliant, concise, and informative. We see just enough of each character to know him and not so much as to appreciate his faults, with the possible exception of Mr. Beverley Nichols himself.

**Some People,** by Harold Nicolson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1927. $2.50.

MERELY because *Some People* is the smartest British book of the year, two of our enlightened contemporaries, the *Dial* and the *New Republic*, have seen fit to say that it is 'the most amusing book since *South Wind*,' and that it 'goes the inimitable Max one better.' Both judgments fall wide of the mark. Mr. Nicolson is not so amusing as Aldous Huxley at his best, though he maintains a far higher average, and the 'incomparable Max' — this and not 'inimitable' was the adjective that Bernard



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Shaw once applied to him — remains supreme.

What Mr. Nicolson gives us here is a series of character sketches, most of which closely approximate people he has actually met. Indeed, real figures — notably Marcel Proust and Lord Curzon — wander through his pages, sometimes as a background, sometimes as the real object of display. In the course of his diplomatic career the author has run into an enormous and amazing variety of types, some of whom he dissects at length, bringing out his own state of mind in connection with each contact. The account of his governess possesses quaint charm, sly humor, and only incidental action. The sketch of Lord Curzon's tipsy valet, however, combines active farce with skillful delineation of character. There is no excess baggage here. Every page of the book is really amusing and readable. We can commend it heartily to all readers of the *Living Age*, and can assure them that they will find in it all the international atmosphere of this magazine, together with a gayety of spirit sometimes lacking in Business Abroad.

**On the King's Couch,** by Octave Aubry. Translated by Evelyn Johnson. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1927. $2.50.

THE name of Jacques de Casanova and the title of this book will be sufficient recommendation for many people who seek little more than a puerile thrill from literature. Such bait, however, is hardly attractive enough to lure the discriminating reader. In short, the novel attains the intellectual level usually reserved for the average motion picture story. We see how Casanova meets a charming Grenoble maiden who clings to her outmoded sense of virtue with annoying stubbornness, and how he contrives an elaborate plan to bring about her seduction. He reads her horoscope, tells her that she will become the mistress of Louis XV, and tries to induce her to come to Paris with him. Although he fails to bring about her downfall, he later finds her at the French Court installed 'on the King's couch.' But she remains impregnable to his amorous advances and reserves her favors for the King alone. Finally she ends her days in an Ursuline convent, while Casanova continues his adventures at the Court of Catherine the Great. We cannot help suspecting, however, that a man of Casanova's wide experience in the affairs of the heart would have settled upon some much more simple means of seduction.

The memoirs and letters of this period, which make interesting and light reading when properly edited, give a much clearer and more perfect picture of the Court of Louis XV than does this weak and mediocre novel. All in all, the book is a failure.

**Oxford Book of American Verse,** Chosen and Edited by Bliss Carman. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch, 1927. $3.75.

WHETHER or not it was imperial preference that led the Oxford University Press to choose a Canadian to compile its *Book of American Verse*, the stroke was a wise one on the whole, for Mr. Carman stands sufficiently remote from the rivalries of contemporary American bards to approach our meagre heritage of poetry with a reasonable amount of impartiality. No anthologist can satisfy everybody, but Mr. Carman did not have to deal with such an embarrassment of riches as to make his task excessively difficult. Some of our more exquisite members of the younger generation will object to getting so much of Whittier, Bryant, and Longfellow, and on the first charge we should be inclined to agree with them. It is hard to see why Carl Sandburg should not be represented by more than one piece, and harder still to understand why 'O Captain! My Captain!' should be included. Edna Millay occupies only four pages, and Amy Lowell ten, the same amount as Emily Dickinson, which seems hardly fair to the slenderer and earlier New England Sappho. For our part we should have preferred one good Vachel Lindsay — best of all, the Bryan chant — to three indifferent pieces; but again there is no accounting for tastes. It would be hard to deny that this anthology is representative, and that, after all, is its ultimate purpose. It runs to 659 pages, includes 452 poems, and is printed in the same admirable type and format that have made the other 'Oxford Books' so popular.

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# DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

A DRAMATIC interruption occurred at last night's performance of *The Girl from Cook's* at the Gaiety Theatre, Strand [London], when a man in the stalls rose and with a declamatory pointing finger, and in a denunciatory voice, said: 'I protest against this dance, in the name of the American Purity League. It is a barbaric and disgraceful exhibition. We shall go on protesting until we get it stopped.' Miss Jean Barry, the dancer, said in an interview: 'I had a similar experience once in Providence, Rhode Island. We have danced this dance in Paris without complaint, and also in Boston, U. S. A., where they are as prudish as prudish can be. . . .'

— *Westminster Gazette*

* * *

Between France and Italy there can in the event of difficulties be only one alternative — friendship. If it were otherwise it would be suicide for both. — *Benito Mussolini*

* * *

We have long thought that the best thing that could happen from any Anglo-American point of view there may be would be for some notorious Anglophobe such as Hiram Johnson, Big Bill Thompson, Senator Borah, or Senator Reed of Missouri to become President of the United States and to have the responsibility of justifying his froth-blowing. — *National Review*

* * *

*Literarische Welt* of Berlin records the following conversation between Emil Ludwig and his German publisher, Ernst Rowohlt: —

ROWOHLT. 'We'll bring out a new edition of your little Goethe anthology.'

LUDWIG. 'I suggest an edition of ten thousand copies.'

ROWOHLT. 'Too many. Five thousand at most.'

LUDWIG. 'What! My books never sell less than ten thousand copies, and you're doubtful about Goethe?'

ROWOHLT: 'But remember Goethe is no Ludwig.'

'I fear the result will be that some Chinese war lord will march triumphantly across a disarmed and unprotected Europe and occupy each capital in turn.'

This is the solitary weak-kneed argument that Sir Herbert Samuel, who shares with Mr. Lloyd George the distinction of 'leading the Liberal Party,' has to offer regarding the proposals for world disarmament made by the Russians at Geneva. — *Daily Herald*

* * *

The American publishers announce that *Dusty Answer* is a best-seller. This is a shock to me, for I liked the book, as I like autumn, and childhood; as I like youth and walled English gardens, enchantment and summer, birds, rivers, wind and rain. These things should not be made public, especially in the United States, which might so easily have had them in heavenly symphonies, but preferred (so far as might be) to shut them out. Having no proper childhood or seclusion, perhaps it (the collective mind of the States) likes to read about them. And though it sells, I refuse to give up believing in the book.

— *H. C. Tracy in the 'New Adelphi'*

* * *

What cathedrals and churches might be built if a modest proportion of the money spent on the education of the poor were devoted to the education of the rich. — *Lord d'Abernon*

* * *

Washington's pet name for Mr. Kellogg, Secretary of State, 'Nervous Nellie,' is finding justification in his attitude toward the Morgan Company's loan for the South Manchurian Railway, Japan's spearhead in China. Referring to the chaos in China, Mr. Kellogg is reported to have said, 'I wish I knew the address of someone in China to consult about the matter.' — *'Westminster Gazette's' Washington Correspondent*

* * *

In America you have either to think like other people or emigrate. — *Arnold Bennett*



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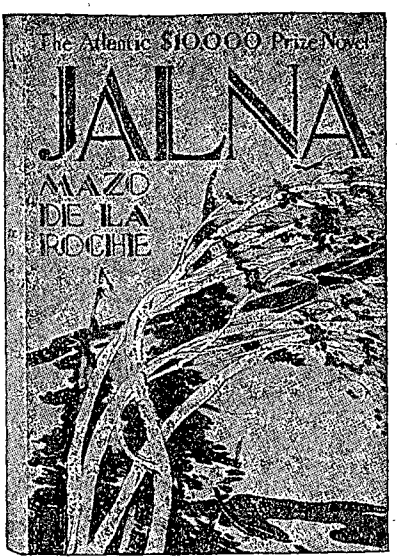
## 110,000 already




## Everything that a novel should be!

IF there were such a thing as a grand prize, a final elimination round for prize winners only, I think I'd give the blue ribbon to JALNA. Here in this absorbing tale of a Canadian homestead and the multitudinous family that inhabits it, is everything that a novel should be — *Oliver Sayler* in "Footlight and Lamplight"

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# THE GUIDE POST

How bitterly even a radical Englishman feels toward our pretensions to naval parity is exquisitely demonstrated by the attitude of the *New Statesman* on the subject. Its bland assertion that the Washington Conference made no 'demands' upon American 'generosity' is so fantastic, in the light of our scrapped programme and scrapped ships, that it is almost a shame to point it out.

❦ ❦ ❦

Italy figures largely in this issue. *Corriere della Sera's* account of the competing cultures in the Balkans seems to assume a necessity for Italian hegemony in the Balkans that can only be compared to the demands of France in the intellectual field and to those of England upon the sea.

❦ ❦ ❦

As long as Italy can turn out aviators like de Pinedo, she need not fear being slighted by the rest of the world. His achievements have not attracted the romantic lustre that surrounds Lindbergh, but they certainly top the records established by that other great knight of the air, Charles A. Levine.

❦ ❦ ❦

The Tory proclivities of the *Morning Post*, and its sympathy for reactionary tendencies in any form, account for its printing a justification of Italy's foreign policy. Indeed, it is easy to see why certain Italians resent the patronage of their big Latin brothers to the north.

❦ ❦ ❦

Major F. Yeats-Brown writes regularly and cheerfully for the *Spectator*, and has recently visited American shores. Yet in spite of his assurances that the League has become an efficient body, many of President Wilson's detractors will never be convinced that any good will come of it.

❦ ❦ ❦

Not many Americans understand the excitement that the Prayer Book revision has raised in England and, without the least irreverence, it can fairly be said that the whole dispute is just as absurd to an outsider as were our own Monkeyville monkeyshines. We print a variety of opinions on the subject, and need only add here that the spectre of Popery is the real bogey man in the case.

❦ ❦ ❦

Edith Sellers advances a common-sense feminine point of view on the causes of radical feeling in Britain. Perhaps the pampered Pekingese whose life arouses envy and class hatred in the breasts of all hundred-per-cent proletarians will become the dog of revolution, if not the dog of war.

❦ ❦ ❦

No end of praise has been heaped on the industrial and financial magnates of Germany for their country's great recovery, but, to judge from the adventures of the *Berliner Tageblatt's* reporter who took a job in a chemical plant, the workmen are the ones who really deserve the credit. We have here an impressive piece of testimony in behalf of the patience and fortitude of a type of person that *Living Age* readers scarcely ever meet socially.

❦ ❦ ❦

We print Eugène Semenoff's contemporary account of his vicissitudes during the Revolution not only for their historical value, but also because they struck us as a remarkable piece of descriptive writing.

❦ ❦ ❦

Paul Valéry, successor to the seat of Anatole France in the French Academy, is responsible for a characteristically French treatment of a simple theme. His elaborate analysis of the virtues of a book is typical of all his work, both verse and prose, and rather more comprehensible than some passages whose meaning we have vainly tried to comprehend.

❦ ❦ ❦

President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia is one of the very few living Europeans — and possibly the only statesman — for whom one can safely promise immortality. His recollections show that he must have been one of those bright, shy boys who are alternately the joy and distress of their parents.

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